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From a Portrait

MRS. DUBOSC TAYLOR.

by Hellen



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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AGRICULTURE IN THE UNITED STATES

IN the *Wall Street Journal* of New York there has appeared an analysis of the United States export figures for the first ten months of the year, which must give thoughtful Americans food for grave reflection. We need not trouble the reader with detailed figures. Suffice it to say that there is a steady decline in the exports of breadstuffs, meat, dairy products and livestock. It amounts to over forty per cent. as compared with the similar period of last year, and if the year 1901 be taken, the diminution is from 6.74dol. per head of the population to 3.12dol. per head. The usual reply made to figures like this on this side of the Atlantic is that the consuming power of the United States is growing so rapidly that there is a lessening surplus for exportation. Our New York contemporary refuses to admit this as a valid argument, because if it were true it would apply to cotton, of which the exportation is expanding. Moreover, it finds that the total

area under cultivation is more than sufficient to have provided an increasing amount for export, and the blame is thrown upon bad husbandry. Now, this is no new story. It is merely a putting into definite statement and hard figures the contention of Mr. Roosevelt that the people of the United States are wasting their resources. It is curious that in this comparatively new land the reproach should be formulated that is often heard in this country. A lively correspondence has, in fact, been going on in one of the daily journals on this very subject. It is argued, on the one hand, by an expert agriculturist that, given some encouragement in the way of bounty, English farmers could meet the home demand for wheat. The word "bounty" is not a very sweet one in the ears of English people, and the stimulation of an industry by that method is not likely to commend itself to the general public. One fact, however, cannot be disputed. After holding the first place in the agriculture of the world, this country for some time past has been falling back, and Mr. R. E. Prothero, in a book reviewed on another page, contends that the reason lies in the attacks so freely made on landlords and landlordism. It was the English country squire of the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries who led the way in improving the methods of agriculture. He carried some branches to an extreme, as witness the prices and the mania for shorthorn cattle in the day of Booth and Bates. If this was overdone to some extent, the results at any rate were very satisfactory. The pre-eminence which English farmers still enjoy as breeders of pedigree stock is largely due to that movement.

If there has been a slackening at all, it is in the same department as in America; that is to say, the cultivation of cereals. Those who understand the history of that form of husbandry cannot wonder that those engaged in it became disheartened. So many countries of the world took to growing wheat and exporting it in the late eighties and the nineties that the price fell so greatly as to make its cultivation unprofitable. But undoubtedly this fact had a similar result in the United States, then the great exporting country of wheat. The farmers became discouraged, and we were continually hearing first of one craze and then of another craze as a substitute for wheat-growing. They have never recovered from the depression that made itself felt among them then. Those who look on the matter from a national point of view have real ground for concern. Not only does the food of a country come from land, but so does the strength of its people. The great reason why we all wish agriculture to flourish is that those who pursue it breed the sort of children who are best fitted to keep up the traditions and the physique of the country.

All this is very true, but it lacks practicability. Mere preaching about the beauty of the simple life and the advantages of living in the country will never give zest and courage to the farmer. The only thing likely to do this is to show him the means of making his calling more profitable. For him the United States ought to be a splendid field of activity. It has immense space and uncountable varieties of soil, so that every kind of crop can be grown there; but the system wants to be revolutionised. In other words, the cultivation must be made more intensive. The meaning of that is that more must be put into the land either in the shape of money or of energy. A capitalist farmer, by laying out his capital on manure, may cultivate intensely. A very poor man who does not grudge the toil of digging and redigging, and hoeing and weeding his little patch, may also increase his return by his intensive method. Governments may help by providing suitable education and by bringing before the people the latest and most effective methods. Better still is the example of the private individual who acts as pioneer to his neighbours. At present the tendency of a great many United States farmers seems to be to take what crops the soil will yield and then, when it shows signs of exhaustion, to migrate in search of something better. That seems to be the real reason of the migration to Canada of so many American farmers.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR portrait illustration is of Mrs. Dubosc Taylor, the daughter of the late M. Dubosc of Château de Fréfosse, Normandy (Commander of the Legion of Honour, Knight of the Order of St. Stanislas of Russia, Commander of the Order of Isabella La Católica of Spain); she was married to Mr. Dubosc Taylor at the beginning of 1909.

It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES

PARTY systems and the right of free criticism are not without drawbacks at a pregnant moment in the history of the British Empire. Canada, by offering to add three capital ships to the British Navy, not only demonstrated a spirit of loyalty and kinship, but at the same time initiated a policy which, if adopted throughout the Dominions of the King, would infallibly have the effect of preserving peace by making it hopeless for any other country to attack the Empire. It is very unlikely that aggression will come from our side. Not that we claim to be better or worse than our neighbours, but that the chief Imperial interest is that of peace. What the King's subjects in every part of the world want to do at present is not to wage war upon their neighbours, but to develop the resources and people the lands already under his dominion. Mr. Borden, in a speech worthy of the great occasion, made a statement so frank, loyal and practical as to leave nothing in doubt. Under such circumstances, surely the most dignified thing is to take the gift as one given to a mother by her daughter.

No one can fail to be conscious of the weighty considerations which arise out of this action on the part of Canada. In the past the Mother Country has herself borne the expenses of the Fleet, on the principle that who pays the piper calls the tune. British foreign policy has been defined by the Foreign Minister with the consent and collaboration of his colleagues. It is a new step to admit a Colonial representative to this council, and the logical outcome is that other parts of the King's Dominions will be equally entitled to a say in our foreign policy. The difference made is plain. British foreign policy has in the past been greatly influenced by European conditions, although Colonial conditions have always been taken into consideration; but Imperial policy, guided by Imperialists from every part of the Empire, must assume a different character. Its great object must be to defend and protect the Dominions of the King, and to pay less attention to the troubles and entanglements of European politics. This is easily said, but to translate it into a practical plan must exercise all the ingenuity and ability of Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Borden and the others concerned. Such considerations ought to have been taken into account when the Canadian Ministers made their famous visit to this country.

To grave discussion of this kind it would be impossible to take exception, but it is otherwise with the criticism of those whose main object in life seems to be that of fault-finding. Whenever anything important is done in this country there are certain publicists of one kind and another who sit down and bring all their wits to bear for the purpose of discovering somebody to chide and something to blame. Owing to the free institutions to which reference has been made, they are able to make their views as prominent as those of their saner contemporaries, and, indeed, their very oddity sometimes secures an amount of attention refused to the sober judgment of more responsible men. Thus the gift of Canada runs some risk of losing its graciousness owing to the irresponsible chatter of the faddists of either party who, provided that they can express their critical feelings, care nothing what the ultimate result may be.

We continue to receive more letters about heron and trout than we can find space for. One of the most interesting

is from Father Irwin of Stonyhurst College, who quotes a water-bailiff on the Upper Ribble as saying: "Heron is a nuisance. A few might be all right, but when I can see twenty-five at one time, they are too much of a good thing. I counted that many this week at one place, and I have counted over fifty at once at the same spot, just below Gisburn." Father Irwin, as a set-off to this, tells that the old gamekeeper at Stonyhurst, Will Wilkinson, who has fished the Ribble regularly for the last fifty years, "reckons yon herons don't do so much harm to trout as folks think. They maistry takes heels, minners, loach, bullheids and sichlike, rough fish and mebbe a fair lot o' smolts as is easy caught. I don't say but what they'll tackle trout, too, but then it'll be nobbut hod 'uns what cooms into t' paarts o' t' watter wheer it's very ebb" (*i.e.*, shallow).

One other extract we must make from Father Irwin's letter: "Again, a very well-known old rustic naturalist in this neighbourhood, the prophet of all local naturalists here, one Thomas Altham of Bashall, always stoutly maintained that the heron did more good by thinning out superfluous small fry than harm by taking more sizeable trout. He was wont also to enlarge on the fact that herons eat so many other things besides trout. Possibly, however, he might be accounted a biased witness, as he always did his best to preserve the hawks of our neighbourhood, even the sparrow-hawk, and regarded the otter as a personal friend. This dear old man died last year. While he lived, no man better deserved the words: 'He loveth well both man and bird and beast.'"

LOVE-IN-A-MIST.

It chanced on a day, full long ago,
When the wind blew high, and the sun shone bright,
That Nature called on the flowers to know
How they paid the world, for its warmth and light.

Some by their rare and grateful scent,
Some by their beauty and slender grace,
Some only for useful tasks were meant,
And each was assigned its rightful place.

One after another, she passed them by,
With a kind and a grave "Well done" to all.
Till she came at last to a tiny flower,
Misty, and shy, blue-eyed, and small.

"And what have you given the world," she said,
"In return for the rain, and the sun above?"
And sadly the little one drooped her head,
As she answered: "I've nothing to give but love."

Then Nature smiled at the wistful face,
As stooping, the timid flower she kissed,
And softly answered with tender grace,
"Thy gift is the best, sweet Love-in-a-Mist!"

LOIS PAYNE.

The death of Sir George Darwin is a loss not only to Trinity and to Cambridge, but to science in general. The greater part of his labours could in the nature of things be appreciated only by a comparatively small circle of mathematicians, but his work on the tides appealed both to the imagination and the understanding of a much larger public, and his book on this subject might be described in some measure as a "popular" one. He did not possess in any marked degree a quickness or nimbleness of mind, but had rather that determination and endless patience characteristic of his father. He was like his father, too, in that courageous and unquenchable love of his work, which enabled him to accomplish so much in the face of ill-health and the consequent necessity for much resting and working comparatively short hours. Sir George Darwin was a man of a most transparent and lovable simplicity of character; able to take the keenest pleasure in the society of other people, and gifted with a great power of enjoyment. His term of office as President of the British Association, accompanied as it was by much hard work and the, to him, particularly fatiguing journeys through South Africa, was a singularly pleasant memory, and he always greatly enjoyed visiting foreign countries as the representative of his University, and welcoming foreign men of science to Cambridge on such occasions as that of the Geodetic Congress. Thus he had perhaps a rather larger circle of friends than often falls to the lot of a man of science, and his loss will be very widely felt.

The completion of the Assouan Dam extension, about to be formally opened by Lord Kitchener, will cause an advance in the material prosperity of Egypt even greater than that due to

the original dam. The extension is in accordance with the first plan; it has raised the water level twenty-six feet above that obtained with the old dam, and has increased the capacity of the reservoir by two and a-half times—from 3,750,000,000 cubic feet to 9,375,000,000 cubic feet. Though it will be of such immense service to Egypt, it will mean the total submersion of Philæ and the final loss of a picturesque monument to Roman-Egyptian art, the charm of which, however, was almost gone. When the irrigation scheme was first worked out by Sir William Willcocks, it was proposed to remove the buildings to a safe site; but, unfortunately, the sentimental clamour of the archaeologists was allowed to prevail over common-sense, and the money allotted to the preservation of the buildings was expended on grouting the foundations. Moreover, by this same sentiment Egypt has been deprived through a long term of years of the enormous benefit that the enlarged reservoir will confer. The temples of Philæ, like most other ancient Egyptian buildings, were made use of by the peasantry as stables after the death of the old religion, and the absorbent sandstone became impregnated with salts during the ages; the annual flooding has caused these salts to dissolve, while during the droughts they have recrystallised and have caused the stone to flake away. Everyone must regret that the ruin of Philæ wrought by time and neglect should have been completed by this work of to-day; but the monuments of antiquity cannot be allowed to weigh against the happiness and prosperity of a living people.

Apparently it is going to be a troublesome labour to get rid of foot-and-mouth disease. There are grounds for suspecting that the clean bill of health which Ireland showed so long was deceptive; in other words, that there had been unreported cases. At all events, Mr. Runciman is justified in describing the situation as obscure. As we write, attempts are being made to trace not only the origin of the disease in those affected animals that were landed at Birkenhead, but also the fate of the cattle that had come in contact with them. The outbreak at Ashford in Kent deepens the complication, especially as attempts to trace its origin have so far proved ineffective. Many theories are being advanced to account for the mysterious manner in which the germs are carried. Some of them look a little fantastic, as, for example, the idea that contagion may be carried on the mud of a motor wheel. But no possible explanation should be allowed to go unsearched. We can scarcely believe that science will ultimately have to give up as inscrutable the problem as to the manner in which the infection of foot-and-mouth disease is carried from one country to another.

One of the many ingenious apologies that are sometimes made for the heron is that he prefers eels to trout, when he can get them, and it is a form of excuse which carries the obvious implication that the eel is relatively a worthless fish. He is so, from the point of view of the angler, and the gourmet also regards him, in these days, as but of little value. It was not ever so, however, and in the days of our forefathers we find the eel very highly appreciated as a table fish. There is, for instance, a very brief but a very significant entry in Pepys' Diary: "I bought two eels upon the Thames, cost me six shillings." It is true that this was in the very midst of the Fire of London—that great fire which consumed nearly the whole of the city and was perhaps a blessing in disguise as effecting a wholesale purification after the fearful visitation of the plague—but Pepys does not distinctly state that the price of the eels was due to scarcity of provisions. It is an inference we may draw if we please, but it is certain that the normal price of an eel was relatively high at that time, when, of course, they had no marine fish at their tables inland.

Yet more striking evidence of the high esteem in which the eel was held by gourmards about a century later is given in the autobiography of Dr. Alexander Carlyle. In 1769 he went with his wife to London to speak before the Lords of the Treasury in defence of the claims of the Scottish clergy for exemption from the Window Tax, and on their way he says, "we stopped for two days with the Blacketts, at Newcastle, and then went on to Huntingdon, and after that to Cambridge. As I had not been there when I was formerly in London, I was desirous to see that famous university; and besides, had got a warm exhortation from my friend Dr. Robertson, to diverge a little from the straight line, and go by Hockwell, where there were the finest eels in all England. We took that place in our way and arrived long enough before dinner to have our eels dressed in various ways; but though the spitch-cocked had been so highly recommended by our friend, we thought nothing of them, and Mrs. Carlyle could not taste them, so that we had all to dine on some very indifferent mutton-broth, which had been ordered for her. I resolved after this never to turn off the road by the advice of epicures." This heroic resolution

may, or may not, have been adhered to by the reverend doctor. We do not know. But what makes it the more curious that they should have consented to go out of their way—only to meet with such pathetic disappointment—for the sake of the eels is that they are a fish which none of the common people in Scotland will eat to-day.

" 'Tis Nature's law,
When hip and haw
Grow thickly on the tree,
You know that then
For birds and men
The winter hard will be."

That is the old jingle, and this year hip and haw are growing on the tree with quite abnormal thickness. Also there have already been snaps of hard weather quite unusual so early in the year, whereby the proverbial wisdom of our ancestors seems to find some confirmation. Unfortunately for the credibility of the prophecy, though happily for our present prospect in the months that are to come, the hip and the haw grew almost as thickly last year as this, yet our last winter was an uncommonly mild one. It appears, therefore, that the berries must be influenced by causes in the past, such as a favourable spring and summer for their production and ripening, and if there is any connection between these favouring conditions and a hard winter subsequent to them, it is a connection which is very liable to fail and is not at all obvious.

THE MEET.

Squire and his lady, his lordship and beggar too,
Steady there, have a care, who's on the box?

Anything, surely, with wheels or a leg or two,
Lumpity, thumpity, after the fox.

Lady de Nothing, in feather and furbelow,
Mrs. the Smithy in gaudy and plush.

Gentlemen, Hounds! and it's oh! what a stir below,
Forrard, hark forrard, and who's for the brush?

EDGAR NEWGASS.

It is but the other day that we were pointing out that the fortunes of county cricket were falling into rather a parlous state, and now it appears that even at "Lord's" itself, which has the credit of being ultra-conservative and beyond all other institutions of its kind a strict follower of the old traditions, this condition has been so fully recognised that a new departure is to be tried in the form of starting some of the county matches on a Friday. Hitherto, the cricket in big matches on a Saturday afternoon (the great national half-holiday) has almost always been without interest, being a foregone conclusion, even if the match was not already concluded. On this novel plan it is to be expected that Saturday afternoon will find that interest at its keenest point.

December has brought a fit ending to a year remarkable in the annals of thorough-bred stock. It may be assumed that the purchases were, in the majority of cases, made with the idea of either running horses or breeding racers; but, no doubt, a percentage of the mares especially were wanted to improve foreign studs kept for purposes other than those of sport. Whatever the explanation may be, it is certain that the sales must give a great impetus to the business of breeding race-horses in this country. In "the livestock farm of the world" the horse still occupies a conspicuous if not an actually predominant place, and probably will long continue to do so. He may be superseded in some branches of activity, but never as a racer.

On Tuesday, Mr. John Burns formally introduced a Bill to make better provision for the sale of milk and the regulation of dairies, and on the same day Mr. Runciman, speaking at the luncheon of the Farmers' Union, informed the audience that farmers would be compensated for animals destroyed on account of tuberculosis—at least, he has persuaded the Treasury to include a provision to that effect in the Bill. The provisions of this measure are not yet before the public, but it is evident, from the statement made by the Minister for Agriculture, that there is to be a drastic attempt to rid the dairy herds of tuberculosis. The experiment will undoubtedly be an expensive one in the first year; but if success is attained it will be a diminishing expense in the years to come. At the dinner of the Farmers' Club, Mr. Runciman made the equally interesting statement that he had persuaded the Treasury to give money from the Development Fund, to place at the service of farmers experts who will give advice not only as to soils, crops and so forth, but also with regard to livestock. Premiums are also to be given to farmers to encourage the breeding of heavy horses, Shires, Clydesdales and Suffolk Punches.

CHILDREN IN THE WINTER ALPS.

CERTAIN grave persons of my acquaintance whose judgment is entitled to the most serious consideration have informed me recently that a very good time is shortly coming; and it was the reports of snow some time ago in Leicestershire and Westmorland that drew forth the optimistic forecast. It seemed open to question at first. Careful enquiry, however, justified the reckless prophecy, for my chief informant, a male, aged nearly ten, proved his case easily by the following sentence—able conspiracy of argument and demonstration: "You can tumble without hurting yourself!" And his sister, fully his peer in mischief and disaster, added the variant: "You can fall off something into something else and not get scolded, and then you can get up and do it all over again." The mysterious allusion, of course, referred to snow—deep, dry, powdery mountain snow—and the stupid listening uncle grasped

or by jumping from a height; no risk, adventure, peril; no danger, except the real and horrid one of being cut off by the tide and drowned; whereas in the winter mountains, within two minutes of the hotel, there exist all these fearful thrills, yet with no more chance of real danger than in climbing gates or leaping ditches just outside the Kent or Surrey house.

And that evening after dinner, the four Wickednesses safe asleep in bed, the question of taking children to the Alps for winter sport was discussed in detail. There was a cautious woman present who never travelled even a dozen miles without taking a medicine-chest among her luggage. She thought it was sheer madness. The parents, having done it before, knew otherwise. The talk grew heated, tension somewhat strained, till finally the Medicine Woman discharged her big guns of threat and prophecy—in full retreat: "It will spoil your fun; you'll never be able to leave them out of your sight for one thing; and, in any case, they'll get their noses frozen in the arctic cold. If they don't break their knees on the ice, they'll twist their ribs tobogganing, or smash themselves up altogether with that ridiculous jump in on ski." She pronounced it "sky." And thereupon she went to bed, taking doubtless one of the many preventatives, which were the cause probably of the various ills she suffered from—by suggesting them.

Having listened patiently to the self-repeating conversation, and having heard the children's brief intuitive verdict first, the stupid uncle came to the conclusion, backed up by his own experience, that they had put the entire matter in a nutshell: "You can tumble without hurting yourself." For Nature has prepared in the winter mountains an ideal playground for children by covering the ground with a soft, thick, protective blanket which makes falling a cause for laughter instead of tears. In that snow no living thing can hurt itself even if it tries; and, since the main desire of children is to tumble at high speed and get at all costs into a fearful and delicious mess, a winter-sport hotel fulfils the conditions admirably. Dry, powdery snow falls from the clothes the moment one gets up, before it has time to melt; and bruises are negligible, at most the exception that proves the rule. With less care even than is exercised in an ordinary country home, children may enjoy themselves to their hearts' content, and come back into the bargain with a store of rude health, gathered from the bright, warm sunshine, the exhilarating frosty air that is dry as a bone, and the brisk, light, stimulating atmosphere of the mountain heights. That there are certain provisos is obvious; they exist in a tame Surrey garden equally; children must

not go on the deep field pond in a leaky boat, nor must they toboggan down the artificial ice-runs that some of the hotels construct for the more reckless among their customers. But the ordinary run for toboggans down the road, or down the slopes of an adjoining hill, is as safe as sliding down the front staircase on the proverbial tea-tray—and safer, for an accident lands them in soft snow instead of against hard walls and balustrades. The skating, too, is without the risk of the pond in the field, because the rink is usually mere flooded tennis courts, at most six inches deep.

And what child in the world, fit to stand upon two feet in the open air, does not benefit by dry, biting, frosty cold? If they manage to exist in the fogs and treacherous damp of an English winter, they certainly can only thrive in the crystal, sunny air of the winter Alps, where the brilliance is inconceivable except to those who have experienced it, and where hands and feet seem in a perpetual state of tingling from the



D. McLeish.

OFF FOR THE DAY.

Copyright.

that the family were off to Switzerland for the Christmas holidays and—were taking the children with them. Three weeks of winter sport in a kind of stage Egyptian sunshine in place of gloomy skies and a vain and weary waiting from day to day for the ice on the pond to be declared by the authorities as "bearable at last." The excitement was intense, raised to the fourth power. There were four children.

The discussion that followed was interesting because it involved a comparison of joys from the children's point of view. The attractions of two paradises were set side by side, considered, weighed and judged. But the verdict was never for a moment in doubt. The jury did not even leave the box, and the decision was unanimous: snow in the mountains won the day. The seashore, in spite of sand-castles, pools with seaweed, alarming tides and nigger minstrels, came in a poor second only. For the shore lies all upon one dull level; there is no speed in it, whether by artificial rushing

delightful, natural exercise. "I confess," this paterfamilias confided to me, "that I took them out the first time with some misgiving; the Medicine Woman warned me so forbiddingly. But from henceforth, as long as my purse can run to it, I shall always take them to the sun and snow. You should see their colour when I bring 'em back. I always ask the Medicine Woman down on purpose then!" And it is too familiar almost to repeat—that one feels colder in damp England with a temperature of forty degrees than in dry Switzerland when the mercury marks twenty degrees below zero.

And he emphasised other points which my own experience bears out. One can go out for expeditions that last all day, yet leave the children with perfect safety at home. For the children find their amusement close at hand, and distance in that deep snow is out of the question; they form into groups, moreover, to which some elder inevitably attaches himself or herself. It is a recognised employment for the older folk to watch the children building their giant snow-man, constructing their house of snow-bricks, learning to skate on one of the rinks, piling themselves six deep upon the toboggans, or tumbling about in the thick, soft snow, while they shout with laughter at their first attempt on those ten-league fairy boots that men call ski. It is a source of infinite amusement to watch



Carine Cadby. FIRST STEPS IN SKI-ING. Copyright.

them in their charming winter clothing, wrapped in woolly caps and sweaters, darting a few yards down the slope to fall in a cloud of white spray and disappear beneath a drift. I have never yet known a child come to serious grief when doing so. Even for heavy grown-ups it is no easy matter to get hurt by a fall on ski, going at high speed, too, at that. In the Jura one sees everywhere village boys, as soon as they are big enough to stand upright at all, flying about on impromptu ski made from the curved ribs of a wine or beer cask. They build platforms to jump from. The ground is covered with their sprawling, kicking figures, for they are more often on their backs than on their feet. But they never seem to "sustain an injury," as the newspapers express it. One never hears them squeal!

Moreover, in these winter hotels, so far as my own experience goes, the older people welcome the children and play gladly with them. Such places without children seem incomplete. They ought to be there, just as much as the trees and the icicles and the goblin shapes the driven snow assumes. People grow younger in that electric atmosphere, some recover their youth quite absurdly; it is difficult to realise one's years at all, and almost impossible to feel old. Everyone becomes a child again,



Will Cadby. THE TENDERFOOT. Copyright.

self-consciousness vanishes, "elderly" folk do wild, ridiculous feats on ski or toboggan, or in snowball fights, that must seem amazing when they look back upon them as soon as they get home again and the tell-tale photographs are developed. It is the place and atmosphere for children. "You can fall without hurting yourself, and then you can get up and do it all over



Will Cadby. A YOUNG SKI-RUNNER. Copyright.

again without being scolded!" The high spirits, the rejuvenation, moreover, last a considerable time after one gets home. It is a tonic that is almost an elixir. The one drawback, so far as children are concerned, is perhaps the long evenings in the hotel. It is dark by half-past four or five, and there is nothing to be done out of doors, unless a skating carnival is in order with music and lanterns. These begin, as a rule, though, after dinner, when Wickednesses ought to be in bed. In many hotels, however, there is a special room set aside for children to romp and play in, and as often as not there are entertainments arranged by the guests in which children can take a part, and welcome. There are games and dances, and sometimes afternoon gymkhanas. There is always plenty of fun and amusement going on. Life and vitality never seem to ebb. And early bed is not unwelcome to the majority. The long, energetic day in the open air makes heavy lids at a time when people in towns are just waking up for theatres, parties and late dinners.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

CHANGES IN THE FARMER'S CHRISTMAS.

IT is very often asserted that farmers are a non-progressive race and that they still continue along the same old ruts their fathers used. A more ample refutation of this could scarcely be given than to refer to the changes that have taken place in the farmer's Christmas. In the course of a single generation times, methods and practices have changed. In the olden days Christmas was the farmer's great desideratum of the year. If he had a couple of extra good steers they must be kept over for another year to become Christmas oxen; then they were forced and fattened by every known means into huge carcasses of practically uneatable Christmas fare. These big four year, five year and even older oxen were a bit hard eating, despite their masses of fat, and their bones had hardened sufficiently to defy the gnawings of Old Ship when the three ribs were finally consigned to him. In those days the big city Christmas markets were a sight to be remembered, and as for selling by auction, that was the last thing the grazier thought of; he must bargain direct with the butcher, and at the finish no one but these two actually knew the price. Then what a fuss the butcher made! The sign-writers were in clover as they speedily painted on a big piece of cardboard that John Knockem, Purveyor to Her Majesty the Queen, had secured two exceptional oxen, an Hereford and a Devon, fed by Mr. Jonathan Pursefull of The Hams, Richbottom. Round the town these animals were paraded, many were the calculations as to what they would die like, and the whole countryside came in to see the carcasses hung up on show day. Then the butchers would not cut a joint to oblige, much less for money. The next day it was different, particularly if the Christmas weather was a bit damp and muggy—then the poor had a full supply of fat beef very cheap; but if the weather was bright and frosty no one was as saucy as the butcher. It was the same with sheep, pigs and poultry: only the very largest and fattest was deemed suitable for the Christmas market. Now what a change in the grazier's ideas. He does not look upon Christmas markets with favour; generally there are too many animals for the demand, and a slump in prices has frequently occurred. If he has an exceptionally heavy bullock, out it comes in November, when the butcher wants the suet for the few Christmas puddings that are still being made. He knows that the modern housewife will not buy one huge joint for Christmas, but prefers a change of diet. The days of early maturity have brought the small joint full of

quality rather than quantity. To-day, if the grazier has his bunch of fat cattle and the butcher does not come and purchase them where they are grazed they are sent to the nearest auction to pass under the hammer. The butcher only buys what he can sell and not merely to make a show, as his father did. If, however, he has a bit too much he can send it to the cold store. If he has a demand for a few joints more he can soon obtain them from the imported chilled sides in the same store. These changes in markets have also brought changes in the household. In the olden days, with large sums of money pouring in, the farmer's heart opened with festive intent. Come who would, there was a crust of bread and cheese and a cup of cider, and generally the thrifty housewife, a little later in Christmas week, added a slice or two of beef from those ribs that were as the widow's cruse of oil. And for the young folks there was the round of farm parties, the cheese-room floor



D. McLeish.

A PREMATURE FINISH.

Copyright.

or else that of the barn being prepared for the dancers, and what a time, day in night out, Fiddler Jack had as he went from farm to farm on bespoke and hat terms. Now how many miles we may drive in rural districts past farmhouses without hearing the scrape of the bow on the village Jack's fiddle. Seemingly in all rural life the old Christmas manners, customs and hospitality are of the past.

EDUCATING THE YOUNG FARMER.

After a long period of spade-work, the underlying principles of the Berkeley Young Farmers' Class have been grasped by county councils and others. These classes were first started by the Berkeley Hunt Agricultural Society some fourteen years ago, and at first they were designed to test the knowledge of, rather than to act as a direct educational influence to, the young farmers of the Berkeley Vale. When first started there were no agricultural classes or other means of organised instruction available, and yet, for the three prizes offered, they were

required by an oral and written examination to satisfy an examiner as to their general knowledge of practical agriculture, most correctly estimate the relative values and weights of a number of cattle, sheep and pigs to be submitted to them, and pass their opinion as to the value and soundness of cart-horses, thatch a rick in the best and most workmanlike manner on the farm where they resided and execute two perches of hedging and ditching in the most workmanlike manner. A pretty severe examination; but at the recent examination the young farmers acquitted themselves remarkably well. The maximum number of marks possible was 350. The first-prize man, James King, had 314;

second, Charles Ford, 308; third, S. F. Cullimore, 298; fourth, W. Ford, 291; fifth, Joseph Weekes, 290. The popularity of these classes appears to be spreading; some are being held in Somerset under the auspices of the County Council, while at the last meeting of the council of the British Dairy Farmers' Association in London, a silver medal was given to be awarded in a class of thirty farm lads going through a course of dairy instruction in the County of Monmouth Young Farmers' Class, the same to be awarded to the lads who gain the highest points in written paper, practical and *viva voce* examination, milking to be taken into consideration. E. W.

FANTASTIC ROCKS WEATHERED BY DEW.



A. Blackie.

1. CAVERNOUS WEATHERING OF A RED GRANITE CRAG.

Copyright.

EVER since man developed the faculty for carving or moulding representations of the objects around him, much of his ingenuity has been devoted to the production of grotesque forms and faces, as may be seen in the strange collection of gargoyles and other fantastic decorations to be found so plentifully in the architecture of all countries. Yet long before man began toiling with chisel and hammer Nature was steadily at work with very different tools, carving even more interesting shapes in her mountains and rocks, and to-day she is still at work adding to the collection.

When rambling about one winter in Corsica I came across many striking examples of her handiwork, remarkable not only for their quaint forms, but as examples of a very peculiar process of weathering. In one district where the rocks are principally grey granite, my daughter and I were attracted by the curious appearance of some rocks sharply outlined against the sky on a lonely mountain top, so we started off to investigate.

After a stiff climb through the "maquis," during which the summit of the hill was hidden, we arrived at an open space



A. Blackie.

2. A COUNCIL OF THE ANTEDILUVIANS.

Copyright.

and were almost startled as we found ourselves suddenly confronted by a sort of nondescript hippopotamus with a most evil leer in his eye, and who cocked his little ear as if to ask what right humans had on the enchanted ground over which he stood sentry. For, indeed, he was only an advance guard, as a little further on a giant sea-lion reared up in indignation to a height of twenty feet with projecting tusks and threatening aspect, while just beyond stood a whole company of weird companions.

We were not to be daunted, however, and essayed to pass the sentry, when he unmistakably and undoubtedly rolled his eye and blinked at us. We both stopped short and stared, but his eye, which had at first been wide open, remained closed in a wicked wink. Had we been superstitious we certainly should not have stayed to investigate. As it was, we found the eye was formed by a hole worn right through the granite, with a projecting piece in the interior forming the eyeball, and as we moved our position, the change of angle gradually cut off the light which shone through the eyehole and produced



A. Blackie. 3. "We found ourselves confronted by a sort of nondescript hippopotamus with a most evil leer in his eye." Copyright.

existed, without any alteration whatever. The mere outward forms of the rocks shown in the first three photographs are

indeed remarkable, but we became fascinated with the desire to discover what agencies Nature had employed in producing such results in this hard granite. It was at first very puzzling, but light seemed at length to be thrown on the problem by studying the forms of other rocks in the island.

Photographs No. 1 (red granite) and No. 6 (grey granite) show examples of a remarkable form of cavernous weathering very common in many parts of Corsica. The numerous caverns in the mass of red granite in No. 1 are each of them large enough to accommodate two or three people, and are of a more or less orbicular form inside, so that the roof of the cavern is considerably above the edge of the outward opening. This construction is well shown in No. 6, an outlying piece of grey granite on the seacoast, in which more of the front has been worn away. My daughter is looking out through an opening in the side, and this will serve to give an idea of the

size of the interior. Now both the red and grey granite are solid hard rocks on the outside, showing no loose particles



A. Blackie. 4. "A GIANT SEA-LION REARED UP IN INDIGNATION." Copyright.

this startling effect. Reassured by this explanation, we braved the sea-lion and approached the main company. "Surely," I exclaimed, "this must have been a Council of the Antediluvians!" for there on the left was some ancient species of owl ruffling up his feathers and looking askance at something beyond him. On the right, perched on a higher rock, stood a dragon or pterodactyl, while extended on the foreground was what might well pass for a recumbent plesiosaurus.

The sight of this strange assembly, however, had given my daughter a very different idea. She declared it only proved the truth of the old Northern legends which tell how "dwarfs" and "trolls," if caught out after sunrise, are turned into grotesque rocks. This mountain top was clearly a place where these weird people held their nightly revels, and, judging from the company around, many reckless revellers had evidently been "caught out late" and had paid the penalty. And here let me say that none of the photographs is "faked" or altered in any way. They represent the rocks exactly as they



A. Blackie. 5. HARDENED CRUST LEFT BY CAVERNOUS WEATHERING. Copyright.

of any kind, but if you enter one of the caverns and draw your fingers along the roof you are greeted by a shower of tiny fragments falling upon you. The same thing happens with some of the sides of the interior, but not to such an extent, and it is evident that the wasting is taking place most quickly in an upward direction. Now how are we to account for the formation of these caverns?

Among the most common and powerful agents causing the weathering of rocks are rain, frost, and wind, but at those levels in Corsica where the rocks photographed occurred the climate is comparatively dry and hot. There is little rain, and practically no frost. It is clear that what rain there is cannot to any extent gain access to the interior of these caverns, and the same remark applies to the wind. In fact, it was our regular practice to make use of these hollow rocks as shelters in which to sit when out sketching, and very welcome they were when wind and rain assailed us. We often came across a great boulder, hollowed out with just a side entrance, which had been appropriated by a shepherd and made into a convenient hut by building up part of the entrance with a few stones. In the neighbourhood of Calvi such rocks were in great demand as pigsties. A little yard was built round the entrance and the piggies, like the conies, "had their houses in the rocks." More than once we met with cases where a front of masonry had been built on to a large cavern, with windows, doors and all complete, and modern man had again become a cave-dweller.

The formation of these hollows remained a puzzle to us until my son suggested that the cause might be sought for in a much less boisterous agent than wind, rain, or frost, and that, in fact, where these had failed to produce much impression, the hard granite had succumbed to the continued action of the "gentle dew."

In following out this suggestion, the following considerations have presented themselves. In Corsica the sun is very hot during the day, and the nights are cold by contrast, so that much dew is deposited. But when the rocks are wetted on the outer surface by dew or rain, although a minute portion of their constituents may at first be dissolved, yet as soon as the sun or wind dries them, these soluble substances are again solidified, and in the process some of them at least are changed into a much less soluble condition than they were before, so that eventually a hard crust is formed all over the exposed portions of the rock, and upon this the action of moisture is very slow indeed. But where a small hole exists in the rock the action is quicker. The inside of the hole, and especially the upper part of it, is slightly screened from the sun and wind, the dew which has been deposited in it is not so quickly dried up, and the dissolved substances do not become much hardened again. This goes on until quite a little hollow or cave is formed which eats its way inwards and upwards into the rock. The deeper the cavern becomes the cooler does it remain, until at length the inner parts, cooled down to a low temperature at night, remain so cold as compared with the temperature of the air that dew is formed in them even in the daytime. They are constantly damp and are never dried up. Hence the action goes on continuously and comparatively rapidly, dissolving the soluble parts and causing the rest to fall off in flakes until large cavities are formed.

As this weathering action eats its way deeper, and approaches the surface of the rock at any point, threatening to wear a hole right through, it meets with the hardened outside crust already described, and its progress becomes very much slower. This may happen not only because the crust is harder, but because the part is so thin that it gets heated through by the sun and so the formation of dew is checked.

An example of these outer crusts remaining after the rock below has been eaten away is seen in photograph No. 6, and, of course, similar thin crusts generally exist immediately around



A. Blackie. 6. CAVERNOUS WEATHERING IN GREY GRANITE. Copyright.

the entrances of all the caverns; and although these outer crusts are very durable, still they also eventually yield to Nature's agencies and gradually crumble away.

Now this curious weathering, I think, explains the production of the animal forms of our first three photographs.

Turning to No. 4, the sea-lion, it seems practically certain that this rock was once solid from the lower part of the head down to the toes, and the remains of the caverns which have eaten this portion away are clearly to be seen on the front of the neck and chest, while the tusks are formed by persistent fragments of hard crust. Similar causes have contributed to the formation of our hippopotamus No. 3, and the eye itself is a miniature cavern, while several small ones are seen to be commencing on the face and neck. The process will of course go on, and who knows but that it may eventually result in a new instance of the evolution of a horse from the hippopotamus. The same process can likewise be traced in the Members of the Council in No. 2, and the constitution of the Committee will no doubt vary as time goes on.

A. AND A. J. BLACKIE

DESTINY.

The shrewd old Pedlar with rounded back
My destiny holds in his pack!
Hark! Hark! to his cry, "Come, Dearies, and buy!
Here's a gem for your ear, for your finger a ring,
A bracelet of tinsel (a rare pretty thing!),
A gossamer scarf, blue, like the sky,
White pearls with the white of your bosom to vie!
Decked out and trimmed up there's no maid, I ween,
Who, though she's a drudge may not still be a Queen!"

At the end of the path there's a white painted gate,
Where I, for my Destiny, wait!
On the air floats his song as he shuffles along,
The song that he sings of the treasure he brings:
"To your silver and gold, I my chattels unfold;
A pin for your hair
Wrought in tortoiseshell rare,
A sash for your waist, buckled shoes to your taste!
Bedizened and jewelled with shimmer and sheen,
You may be a drudge, but you can be a Queen!"

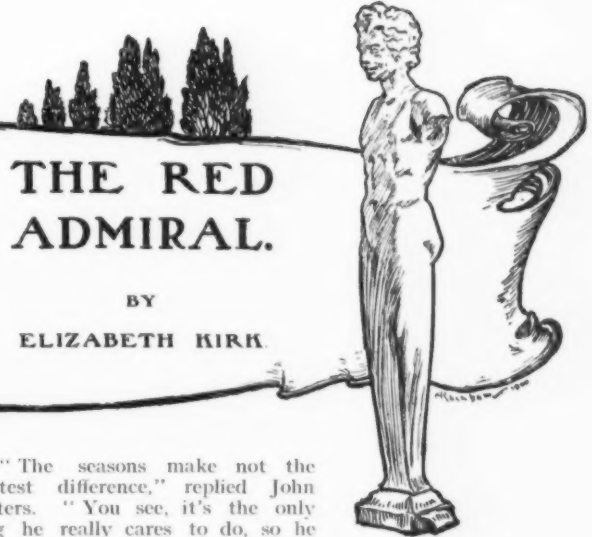
So out comes my purse with a profligate's sigh,
And I yield to my Destiny!
With unction discreet he kneels at my feet,
Spreads his wares to my gaze and flouts his displays!
Pops the gem in my ear,
On my finger the ring,
The curb on my wrist,
(A rare pretty thing),
My curls he has drest,
Laid the pearls on my breast!

Then: a finger deriding he shakes,
As my silver he takes,
And backward he flings me his song
As he shuffles along:
"Small profits for maiden and large ones for Pedlar, I ween,
Deck her out as you will . . . she's a drudge and can
ne'er be a Queen!"

ELIZABETH KIRK.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.



THE RED ADMIRAL.

BY

ELIZABETH KIRK.

"THE Medical Superintendent has some objection to raise," said the Chairman of the Board; "perhaps he will be good enough to state it."

The Medical Superintendent *was* good enough, and stated his objection briefly.

"I object," he said, "to this Fancy Dress Carnival which it is proposed to hold on these premises, and, should the scheme be carried out regardless of my objections, I decline to accept any responsibility."

One of the Board Members looked up quickly. "Responsibility as to the carrying through of the Carnival?" he asked. "Do we understand that you, as Medical Superintendent, refuse your sanction by withholding your presence?"

"No," replied the Medical Superintendent, "that is not my meaning. I shall be present, but refuse any responsibility as to consequences."

"On what grounds, then?" enquired the Chairman, testily.

"On these grounds," was the reply; "a Fancy Dress Carnival is not a desirable entertainment for my patients."

"But," flustered the Chairman, "I don't understand, sir. The old days . . . and ways . . . of caring for lunatics (the Medical Superintendent winced at the bald definition) are over, obsolete. We don't cage them up now behind barred windows or in padded cells! These are days of reform . . . progress! We allow them necessary recreations and amusements, and so . . . so . . . exorcise the devils!" He sat down panting and excited. The effort and his "neat" way of putting things took his own breath away.

"I admit your theory, perfectly," said the Medical Superintendent, gently, "but not in its entirety; restraints are necessary within certain limits, and excitements are, in some instances, fraught with danger and disastrous results. A ball is a simple matter, but a Fancy Dress Carnival lends itself to frolic . . . foolery. The thing is incompatible with the best treatment of these patients under my care. I am sorry, but if you decide to carry through this scheme I must keep to my resolution and renounce all responsibility."

The Chairman rose pompously. "I am sure, gentlemen," he said, "we are loth to go against the direct wishes of our Medical Superintendent, who, though he has been but a few years with us, has won our esteem and respect" (Hear! hear!), "but . . . Ten against one! The Medical Superintendent had no course but to yield to the wishes of his Committee; he consented to attend the Carnival, but waived all responsibility."

Walking down the wide avenue of elms, from the door of the Asylum to its lodge, arm-in-arm with a member of the Board, the Chairman suddenly playfully poked his companion in the ribs:

"He's a nervous chap," he said, pointing, thumb backwards, in the direction of the centre block of the Asylum, where were the private rooms of the Medical Superintendent. "They all get so and I don't wonder. Nervy work, always caged up with a lot o' lunatics! Well! this Fancy Dress Carnival will do 'em all good! They want bucking up!"

Two attendants in the great recreation grounds of the institution were intently watching one of their patients, a little, elderly gentleman. Albeit the time was midwinter, the earth snow-carpeted, the trees draped in glistening rime, the little gentleman was clad in a long green linen coat, and straw hat with pugaree, while in one hand he carried a butterfly-net, and in the other a wide-mouthed phial. Across his shoulder was strapped an entomological collecting-box. The old gentleman was darting hither and thither with alacrity, swishing the crisp rime from shrub and tree, and making excited efforts to catch, apparently, butterflies. One of the two attendants was new to his work; the other had gained an experience of many years.

"What does that little fool think he's doing?" asked the former.

"He thinks," said John Saulters, the other, "that he's catching butterflies, preferably Red Admirals."

"Proof of his madness," answered Forbes, thinking his humour clever; "does he always catch butterflies in midwinter?"

"The seasons make not the slightest difference," replied John Saulters. "You see, it's the only thing he really cares to do, so he always does it. He's a great entomologist . . . or was! A collector: wrote books, lectured, and so forth. The publishers refused his last book, in ever so many volumes, but he still goes on collecting!"

At that moment the little gentleman came tiptoeing forward. He held his net with extreme care, as though it contained some hidden treasure, and spoke confidentially to John Saulters. "Send the other chap away," he said, nervously; "I don't like him, and I've something to say." Then, eyeing the departing Forbes, he continued: "See here, Saulters, see here! A Red Admiral!"

"A rare beauty, too, sir," answered Saulters, peeping into the green net.

"A first-rate stunner!" exclaimed the entomologist. "Now, Saulters, for your catechism. Do you remember all I told you? First of all, its order?"

"Nymphalidae," answered the attendant, promptly.

"Right! And Latin name?"

"Pyrameis Atalanta."

"Right again! Months for collecting?"

"August to October, sir."

"And food plant?"

"The common nettle."

"Now, description."

"Oh! rarely beautiful, sir: both fore and back wings black, with red, regular markings and dashes of white. Arched thorax and long antennae."

The entomologist slapped John Saulters on his shoulder. "You're a capital fellow, Saulters, a capital fellow!" he cried. "I'm getting another book out directly, a huge work for reference, and I'll put you in! I most certainly will! There's not another man in this place who enters into the study of lepidopterous insects as you do. And it's an enthralling study, an enthralling study, Saulters."

"It is indeed, sir," answered Saulters.

Then the little man darted back again, flitting among the bushes and wielding his green net with sportive air.

"Poor old chap! Poor old chap!" mused John Saulters.

"It's hard on him! I haven't half his brains, and yet my few are of more use to me than all his are to him!" In his heart the attendant had an underlying admiration for this collector of lepidopterous insects.

By and by, walking together towards the building: "Saulters," said the entomologist, "there's to be a Fancy Dress Carnival."

"Ah! So I have heard too, sir. Will you go?"

"Oh yes, I shall be there."

"What will you go as, sir?" enquired John Saulters, respectfully.

"As myself, Saulters, as myself! What better? I'm an entomologist, and as an entomologist I go. Any fool can pretend to be somebody he isn't! It's silly . . . futile, Saulters, lacking in dignity! I'm an entomologist, and as such I go to the Carnival."

"Just as you are, sir?"

"Certainly, just as I am: and why not, Saulters? I can't catch Red Admirals, can I, in evening dress?"

"No, indeed, sir; certainly not," answered John Saulters, indulgently.

The night of the Carnival arrived, and a line of carriages and motor-cars reached along the mile elm drive from the door to the lodge of the Asylum. The Christmas Ball at this institution for the reception of the wealthy classes of the insane was always a grand, a smart function, and this year it was grander and smarter than ever. There were pierrettes and pierrots, topsies and fairies, lavender sellers and orange girls, gipsies and queens! The great square hall, with its polished floor and lights and palms, was a scene of colour and gaiety, and conservatories and corridors were lit up and decorated as became the festivity. The band played out its invitation to dance, and laughter sounded on every side.

The patients had, within limits, been allowed to choose their own styles, and in nearly all cases their pitiable delusions were portrayed. There was a handsome girl who fancied herself a priceless piece of Worcester china and avoided all contact with the moving throng lest she should be broken; the restless man who, thinking he was a poached egg, carried ostentatiously in his hand the piece of toast whereon he might sometimes rest; the arrogant king in exaggerated crown and robe; the jester and—the entomologist! He, strange little man, regarded the others with half disdain, happy in the dignity of being "just himself." A motley crowd!

Suddenly the groups parted, and on the arm of a huge golden cocoon there entered a brilliant simulation of the butterfly known as Red Admiral. The face of the girl was almost hidden, and her dress perfectly constructed. The broad, black wings, with symmetrical red markings, were folded upwards, the black thorax slightly arched, the antennæ long and gracefully curved. As she walked along beside the cocoon she fluttered her wings, reproducing with graceful mimicry the movements of the creature she represented, and the cry went from lip to lip, "Red Admiral! Red Admiral!"

The entomologist sat, transfixed, his eyes riveted on this wondrous specimen, of all its kind the dearest to his heart. Suddenly he clutched his net and his killing bottle, and advanced stealthily towards the beauty. His face wore a look of agony at the noise around him. "Hush! hush!" he whispered, lifting his finger, "a Red Admiral!"

In another moment they were whirling round the room—the entomologist and the Red Admiral. He had always been a good dancer, if now a little rapid. The movements of the Red Admiral were all ease and grace. The long, black antennæ were lifted and dropped by dexterous gestures; the great wings fluttered and spread wide; she glided swift as lightning. The hall was filled, and they were the observed and admired of all. Both danced in ecstasy. At last the girl began to flag, and begged for a rest, and the entomologist swept her away, away through corridors and on to conservatories gay with poinsettias and orchids and sweet with the fragrance of exotics; on, on, till they reached a small, cool fernery; he guided her quickly through the open door, and closed it with swift action.

For a moment he looked steadfastly at his prize, then placed her on a lounge, and, bending over her, held his killing bottle close against her lips.

The Red Admiral made a few ineffectual efforts for freedom, fluttered her wings, then they folded back, and she lay still against the cushions on which her head rested.

Somebody was pulling at the coat sleeve of the Medical Superintendent. He looked down and saw the entomologist.

"Doctor," he said, excitedly, a strange light in his eyes, "I've caught the Red Admiral. I want my setting board and pins. I must have a couple of large, large corks, and extra long pins for the thorax. She's a stunner. Come, quick!"

The Doctor needed no hastening. As he passed Saulters, "You come too," he said, and together they went.

Down the long corridors, through scented conservatories, into the cool fernery, and there they found the Red Admiral. The antennæ were outstretched, the thorax still, the wings folded back upon each other.

The Doctor, in a moment, had his finger on the girl's wrist.

"Don't touch her! Don't touch her!" cried the collector of lepidopterous insects, "she's perfect! Fortunately I had my killing bottle to hand, and now, Saulters, for my board and pins; I must set her before she's stiff."

He was in a frenzy of excitement and delight.

The Medical Superintendent laid down the white hand he had a moment before held, and turned to Saulters: "Go with Mr. Sinclair," he said, "and fetch his appliances; I will stay here and take care of his Red Admiral." But aside: "Send a stretcher and two of the Sisters," he whispered, "and oh! Saulters, prepare her people! I . . . can't."

"It's the most ghastly thing I've ever heard of," said the Chairman of the Board. "I would give worlds, worlds, to have had no hand in it. Mr. Sinclair's killing bottle was quite empty, you say."

"Quite empty. He had no opportunities of procuring narcotics."

"Not even laurel leaves from the garden?"

"There are no laurel trees in this garden."

"Was . . . Miss Penrose dead when you found her?"

"Quite dead."

"And what, in your opinion, was the cause of death?"

The Medical Superintendent answered in a few words: "She died of fright," he said.

IN THE GARDEN.

PREPARING A ROCK GARDEN FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

A GARDEN is a spot to be enjoyed all the year round, but there are some unlucky people who have to "crib, cabin and confine" their gardening instincts within the limits of the holiday months of August and September, and in August, alas! even Nature herself inclines to take a little siesta. Then the rock garden more especially loses some of its attraction unless we can think out some flower-scheme for that particular season; for while there are plenty of bold and handsome plants, with flowers of red and yellow shades innumerable, for the perennial borders, the buxom vigour of these would be quite out of place among lowlier rock plants. It may be possible, perhaps, though not very easy, to suggest some available material.

As a rule a rock garden is not immediately in evidence, therefore, no apology need be offered for calling attention here to a fine August-flowering shrub, or dwarf tree, which might very well find a position on the way to it. *Pavia macrostachya* is then very beautiful, though strangely seldom met with. It is a kind of etherealised Horse Chestnut, with graceful, fingered leaves, drooping below the tall upright spikes of fringed white flowers. This *Pavia*, with hardly the characteristics of even a dwarf tree, for it does not exceed 8ft. or 9ft. in height, spreads by suckers and requires a certain amount of room, but is well worth the attention of those who have a suitable position and space to give to it. Another August-flowering shrub is the evergreen *Olearia Haastii*, one of the New Zealand Daisy Bushes, which covers itself with heads of closely packed white flowers, not unlike those of *Milfoil*. This appears to be quite hardy everywhere, and would not be out of character in some aspects of rock gardening; but to prevent its becoming scraggy, it should be trimmed a little into shape after flowering. *Caryopteris Mastacanthus*, a pretty blue-flowered shrub about two feet high, which also flowers late, might be used with advantage to break the level of a low rocky bed.

Among true mountaineers we may place in the forefront the Swiss *Eryngium alpinum*—"la reine des Alpes" on M. Corveen's authority—for, after all, not all alpine crouch before the blast. *E. amethystinum* is a very similar Dalmatian species, though more straggling. Both grow easily in dry soils and are delightful plants, lasting through August and well into September. *E. oliverianum*,

the species generally seen in English gardens, is taller and more vigorous in habit than either of the preceding. These are becoming rare even in their own haunts from the ruthless snatching of tourists—all the more reason, therefore, for their preservation in gardens. Then there are several autumn-flowering *Gentians*. In a moist bay at the foot of rocks—often an accessory of an important rock garden—where the soil is fairly deep, *G. Pneumonanthe*, and its still more beautiful white variety, will be quite happy and have no objection to sun and breeze. The Willow *Gentian* (*G. asclepiadea*), on the contrary, prefers a cool spot facing north and reaches a height of 18in. or more. It grows naturally in damp, rocky woods, but is not tied and bound to such spots under cultivation. *G. Andrewsii*, though not so ornamental as some others, and best in bud is, like the above, another late-flowering lover of damp spots. A charming *Gentian* of lesser dimensions, *G. ciliata*, with fringed flowers of a delicate soft blue, which grows abundantly by rocky waysides in Luxembourg and Germany, likes a drier position and does well between stones. A Himalayan species, *G. Kurroo*, which has tufts of narrow leaves and handsome sky-blue flowers, nearly two inches long, blooms in August and September, and is much more amenable to cultivation than it was once supposed to be, growing freely in suitable quarters, where it likes to be left alone without disturbance. This species enjoys moist but well-drained peat and loam, and plentiful watering in summer.

Of autumn-flowering *Campanulas* there are not many, but two or three may be mentioned. *C. tommasiniana*, 9in. to 12in. high, appears to be a later flowering variety of *C. waldsteiniana*, so nearly are they allied. The trailing *C. fragilis* and *C. isophylla*, both Italian species, and perhaps not over-hardy in all districts, are due to flower in August and prefer semi-shade. *C. Allionii*, 3in. to 4in. high, though not always easy to manage, comes also in August and is worth trying, as it may go on flowering into September. *C. carpatica* lasts long through the summer, and so does *C. rotundifolia*—the Bluebell of Scotland and as charming as any—but, in thinking of plants for August and September, it is safer to restrict ourselves to those which naturally come into flower during those months, otherwise a little variation in the season may leave us bereft when we most want the rock garden to look its best. It must always be borne in mind, however, that locality, north or south, makes all the difference in time of blooming. The blue-flowered *Cyananthus lobatus*—a Himalayan scion of the same

Bell-flower order—is very charming where it succeeds, and delights in sandy peat and leaf-mould in a partly shaded position.

For a trailing plant to grow over the face of a rock, another Himalayan plant, *Polygonum vacciniifolium*, may be noted, the rosy spikes of bloom, and leaves often tinged with red in the autumn, being seen to advantage draping the grey surface of the stone. Thymes are always delightful in autumn, and especially the golden form of the Lemon Thyme, which increases in brightness of colouring as the year advances. Snapdragons—wall plants by nature—can be used most effectively in their best forms. Of the same genus, the creeping *Antirrhinum glutinosum*, a true rock perennial though not a very long-lived one, will spread its little mat of white Snapdragon flowers all through the summer and autumn; and also its near ally, *Linaria alpina*, of brighter colouring, is always welcome, and will sow itself where it is happy.

Probably no upland plants are better fitted to give autumn colour than some of the varieties of Heather and Ling. There is the cross-leaved Heath (*E. Tetralix*) for any moist boggy spot; many varieties of *Calluna* or Ling, for exposed positions; the Scottish Heather (*E. cinerea*); the Dorset Heath (*E. ciliaris*); and the Cornish Heath (*E. vagans*), a very bright and lovely species which must be seen on the moors of Lower Brittany to be thoroughly appreciated—all of these may be pressed into the service to make a Heather garden. Most beautiful of all is the white form of the Irish Heath (*Daboecia polifolia*), which can be freely planted anywhere in Heath soil without fear of clashing colours. The great point to remember is that all of them are the better for a clipping after the flowering season is past, or they are apt to get ragged and lose much of their beauty. Naturally a sandy peat soil suits them best, but they are not dependent upon it, and these hardy Heaths come in well sometimes where more fastidious plants fail. For example, a rough bank, mostly clay with some sand,

But there are not many Alpines, strictly speaking, that can be relied upon for late summer and autumn blooming, and we must fall back upon other types that may not be out of character in the rock garden. *Zauschneria californica* is one of these, and admirable for a position among stones, for it insists on well-drained soil and



A PATH IN HARMONY WITH THE GARDEN.

as sunny a location as can be found for it. The scarlet tubular flowers are well set off by the grey-green of the foliage, and charming when seen in perfection. It appears, however, that two varieties are in cultivation, one very free-flowering, the other just the reverse, which is often the cause of disappointment. Almost everyone, too, would be pleased with the effect of good clumps of the New Zealand Pheasants' Tail Grass (*Apera arundinacea*) for raised positions, especially when the slender arching flowering stems of shining brown-purple are in perfection, as they are in August and September. It grows from 18 in. to 2 ft. high here in Sussex, and,

considering its merits, is not too well known. The Iceland Poppy (*P. nudicaule*), which, though perennial, succeeds almost better treated as an annual, comes into flower from early spring-sown seeds by the end of July, and is at its best when autumn-sown plants are over. The tiny Alpine Poppy is a miniature edition of the same—so botanists tell us—though for garden purposes it is entirely distinct, and does well under similar treatment.

In Northern gardens, *Heuchera sanguinea* will produce its lovely coral spikes at this season. *Viola cornuta*, too, in its improved purple form, is very attractive, and Red Valerian (*Centranthus ruber*), especially in its so-called scarlet form, a plant to be placed on some high point of vantage where it can be seen from afar, is very fine; but all these would come under the head of summer flowers in the Southern Counties. Where a twining plant is wanted, *Convolvulus althæoides*—a slender, silvery-leaved perennial with rose-coloured flowers—is desirable, both in leaf and flower, and dies down for the season after its work is done, when the stems should be cut away. It must be admitted that this *Convolvulus* has a fault, for, like all its tribe, it is apt to encroach; but it never becomes a pest, like those others,

and is generally beloved of all who grow it. It likes a warm, sheltered position, and goes on flowering well into the autumn. A longer list might be given if other miscellaneous plants were included; but it is already long enough to show that the rock garden in August and September need not be lacking in flowers. K. L. D.



A SIMPLE SUCCESSFUL BROAD EFFECT.

much inclined to slip bodily away, and hurriedly shored up with huge water-washed boulders from the bed of a Welsh river—about as unpromising material for rockwork, even of the rudest kind, as could be found—was made quite beautiful by a liberal planting of these brave Heaths.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.



RUNNING FOR BLOOD.

ON the subject of that deepest of all mysteries, the question of "scent," it would be presumptuous in the ordinary amateur to theorise, when such authorities as Beckford and the great Masters of the chase have acknowledged themselves defeated. So many have studied the problem, often with what appeared to themselves at least some measure of success, only to have their theories suddenly confounded by some instance apparently absolutely contradictory to all the experience which had gone before, and upon which they had, consciously or unconsciously, been building beliefs. How often has one heard the cheery remark, "A fine hunting day!" and gone on to experience the fallacy of any such prognostication? On another day, when the

sun shone brightly, or on one of wind and rain, when everyone said, "Won't be able to run a yard," events have proved the prophets wrong again. To the end of the chapter we shall no doubt go on posing as amateur prophets; but the wise among us will, all the same, be ready for any eventuality and prepared to take what the gods send. Though one may not be permitted to dogmatise on the subject of scent, it may be allowed the ordinary mortal to take notice of its evident effect on hounds and even on foxes. I do not mean that it is necessary to point out that on a good scenting day hounds can run and that on a bad one they cannot. We all know that; but there are many little things which are characteristic of the kind of day before the matter is put to the supreme test. Many people may have



THE RIGHT SORT.

noticed, for instance, how upon a really bad scenting day hounds are often slack in drawing, even inclined to stay close to the huntsman's horse, seeming to realise the futility of the whole business. A pet theory of mine also has long been that the running of foxes is much affected by the same cause. No doubt an animal with such keen senses as the fox knows well what the chances are against him, according to the conditions of scent, and acts accordingly. The fox is by no means the panic-stricken animal pictured by anti-sport advocates, and all his actions are well considered and justly calculated to keep him in safety, so far as outward conditions will permit. When scent is good, he knows that the greater distance he can put between his enemies and himself the better, and he generally proceeds, with the least possible delay, to carry out this act. On a bad scenting day, however, it is my belief that the same fox will play hide-and-seek with hounds, running the coverts in short, dodging rings till the ground is so foiled that, in the bad scenting conditions, he is practically safe bar accidents. All this, however, it must be admitted, is theorising, and, though founded on observation, is open to argument; and possibly it is well to remember a request which was once made by the editor of a well-known sporting paper to his hunting contributors at the beginning of the season. After telling them how he wanted sport described concisely, etc., he added something to the effect that he did not want to be told what the fox did, or thought, as he doubted their being in a position to state this accurately.

The presence or absence of a fox in a certain covert will often be noticeable, too, long before hounds actually "speak to him." In a small covert, of course, they may hit upon his morning "drag," but the kind of thing to



THE FIRST WHIMPER IN COVERT.



THROWING THEM IN.

which I refer is something more indefinite than this, and just a bright, alert carriage with which hounds enter the covert which makes one think of Jorrocks' well-known exclamation, "A fox, for a 'undred!" etc. The different note with which hounds greet a different scent is a most noticeable thing. Take, for instance, a hound, or a number of hounds, running riot. It does not take any great experience to detect right from wrong, according to the sound, or when running a fox in covert and hounds run from scent to

view. What a change there is in the note when the blood lust enters into their voices! Many non-hunting people wonder where the charm of hunting lies beyond the mere ride across country. I would venture to suggest that to the observant there are many points capable of interesting; in fact, some of the great authorities, among whom, I think, one may call, for instance, Surtees, were not really *riding-men*, except so far as the riding helped them to observe the more subtle points of the sport. G.

ALASKA.



G. F. Norton.

HAENKE ISLAND, DISENCHANTMENT BAY.

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FAR up on the North-West Coast of America, in the Land of the Midnight Sun, is a country which still defies the hardest traveller; a land where huge mountains rise sheer out from the water's edge on an ice-bound, storm-swept coast; the home of vast glaciers, unknown lakes and rivers, silent valleys and unpeopled wastes. Ponder a moment on these lines from the able pen of one who has lived the life and tramped the trails across the great unknown:

No! There's the land. (Have you seen it?)
It's the cussedest land that I know,
From the big, dizzy mountains that screen it,
To the deep, deathlike valleys below.
Some say God was tired when He made it;
Some say it's a fine land to shun;
Maybe: but there's some as would trade it
For no land on earth—and I'm one.

So, indeed, does the wanderer feel, once he has fought Nature in her sternest moods, or revelled in the short but glorious summers of Alaska. The rapid changes of climatic conditions in the Arctic are constant sources of wonderment to the man who has never previously experienced them. To-day he may roam over countless miles of desolate, barren wastes, where snow and frost still hold the earth beneath their iron grip. If perchance he passes there again within a few weeks' time, when once the sun's warm rays have played their part, the face of Nature seems to have entirely changed. Here, in this valley,

where a short time since nothing but snow lay deep, far as the eye could reach, what sight is it that meets the gaze? Luxuriant grasses waving in the wind and countless flowers all bursting into bloom. The tender green of spring shows forth on every bush, while birds, and even butterflies, besport themselves where formerly no living thing was seen. Down through the smiling valley runs a babbling stream, and in its crystal waters numerous trout are busy feeding. What marvel, too, has brought to life myriads of mosquitoes and other insect-life from beneath those great stretches of snow and ice which lay for months upon the ground? No man can tell nor any pen describe these manifold mysteries of the frozen North. Here, in these brief, sweet summer months, the nomad may linger, gazing by day or night on a never-setting sun, breathing an air the purest and most invigorating that ever was wafted on the breeze, coming from snow-tipped peaks and down their slopes which are densely clad with hardy mountain pines. But let the wanderer in quest of sunshine beware lest he overstays his welcome, since once that great magician, King Frost, asserts his sway, this is no land for the weaklings:

Send me the best of your breeding, lend me your chosen ones,
Them will I take to my bosom, them will I call my sons.

For this is the stern law of Alaska, and woe-betide him who scoffs at it. Even among the chosen ones and hardy pioneers of to-day terrible indeed are the signs written on many of their bodies. Scarred and rugged veterans show, with a smiling face,



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THE HEAD OF LITUYA BAY.

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RUSSELL FIORD, NEAR THE HUBBARD GLACIER.

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places where once fingers or toes adorned their hands or feet, but which have now gone for ever, a token of man's struggle against Nature's cruelty. Let those who sit in a comfortable chair by the fireside at home, in twenty degrees of frost, think what life is like in a tent with the thermometer reading fifty degrees or sixty degrees below zero. Only those who have seen and felt it can realise what this means.

Probably no country on earth has lured so many people to ruin and destruction, in proportion to the numbers visiting it, as Alaska has done in many of the great gold rushes which have taken place in recent years. The writer, during three seasons spent in that country, and in trips extending from its southernmost portions to the Arctic shores, has personally been an eye-witness of many pitiful scenes there.

The time has already arrived when fast steamers make pleasure trips during summer, and convey tourists in comfort along the southern coasts of Alaska, through some of the finest fjords and scenery on earth. But probably none of these luxurious travellers has any idea of the privations suffered by many of the old-time pioneers who followed this route on their way to the new Eldorado. Nor can they hope to realise what a winter is like within the Arctic circle. Mr. R. W. Service has more accurately described

this than any other writer in the following splendid lines :

The winter! the brightness that blinds you,
The white land locked tight as a drum,
The cold fear that follows and finds you,
The silence that bludgeons you dumb,
The snows that are older than history,
The woods where the weird shadows slant,
The stillness, the moonlight, the mystery,
I've bade 'em good-bye—but I can't.

No more awe-inspiring scene can be witnessed than that

of the ice breaking up on some big river, such as the Yukon, or many others in Alaska, when the pent-up waters burst their way in spring through many miles of icy fetters, with an accompaniment of appalling noises which bewilder the onlooker. Or again, let the traveller gaze a while at



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A ONE-NIGHT CAMP, RUSSELL FIORD.

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some spot where one of the huge glaciers ends abruptly in the sea, towering aloft above the waters. Here vast masses of ice constantly fall off, drift aimlessly about, and form a continual source of menace to unwary mariners.

The photographs which accompany this article were taken recently by a friend who travelled part of the way along the coast of Alaska with the writer, and owing to their excellence they convey a good idea of prevailing conditions and scenery in the dark and silent North.

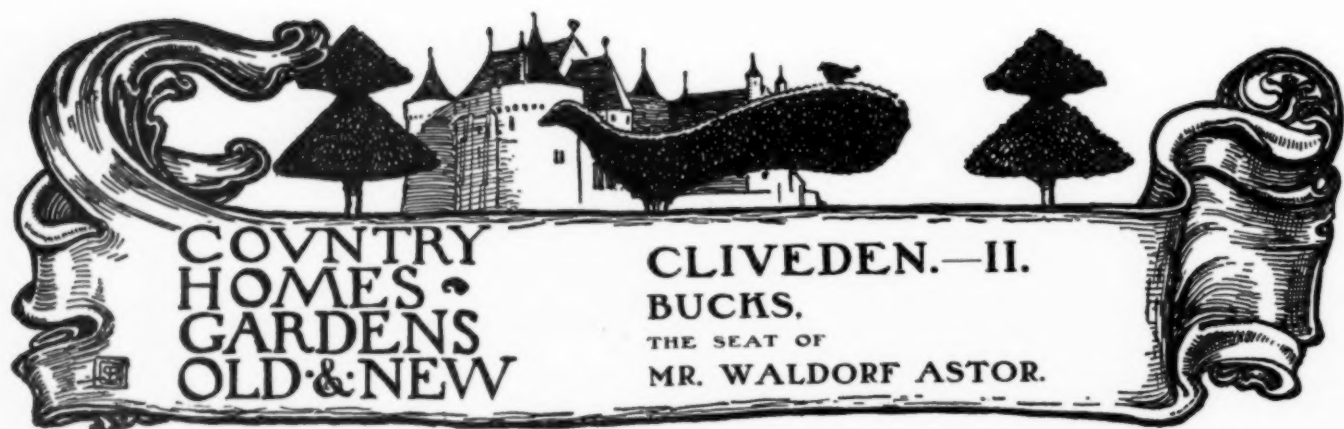
C. R. E. RADCLIFFE.



G. F. Norton.

IN CAMP.

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THE interior of Cliveden has passed through many decorative phases. Nothing now remains of Sir Charles Barry's work. It is no doubt a fact that he did not take the same interest in or devote the attention to the inside of Cliveden that he gave, for example, to the fine interiors which he designed at the Reform Club. The existing open hall was divided originally by

arcading into several apartments. Mr. Astor summoned to his aid the late Mr. Pearson, who is best known as the architect of Truro Cathedral. The hall and the imposing staircase (with wooden figures carved by Mr. W. S. Frith) which ascends at its west end owe their present form and decorations to him. The hall fireplace was bought from the Spitzer Collection. It is a fine, typical example of the

striking type of mantel-piece which we associate with the French château of the first quarter of the sixteenth century.

We are so accustomed to regard Pearson as one of the later prophets of the Gothic Revival, that his skill in the handling of Renaissance motifs is apt to be forgotten. Both hall and staircase are good of their sort, and recall the richness of treatment which Pearson gave to Mr. W. W. Astor's estate office on the Victoria Embankment, a brilliant little building of its kind. To Pearson is due also the design of the panelled library at Cliveden, though some alterations have since been made, notably the substitution of an eighteenth-century marble mantel-piece for that originally designed. Most of the modifications made by the Duke of Westminster were swept away at the same time. The decoration of the drawing-room in the manner of the French Empire was done at a later date and by other hands. The colouring is green with gold relief applied in ormolu fashion. A notable feature of this room is a handsome French tapestry, mainly in magenta and Watteau pink. It depicts a *fête galante*, and though the note of *singerie* is not strongly marked, there is a monkey hanging by his tail from one of the festoons of flowers. The fireplaces at the two ends of the room are an interesting study in Empire design, and the shafts at the sides take the form of quivers of arrows.

Since the advent of Mr. Waldorf Astor several of the bedrooms have been redecorated. In one of them, known as the "Chinese Room," there has been fixed a notable marble fireplace with canopy top, which is reminiscent of Chippendale's



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THE STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE HALL.

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PORTRAIT OF MRS. CHAPLIN BY GAINSBOROUGH.

adventures into Chinese design. The canopy is of old Sienna marble, the festoon of drapery in white, and the rest in grey marble. Another bedroom has been treated in a later and more naturalistic Chinese manner, with a wall-paper of a type which was so popular in England at the end of the eighteenth century. Still another bedroom has been remodelled in Jacobean fashion, its walls covered with old panelling, and its ceiling decorated with plaster-work proper to the period.

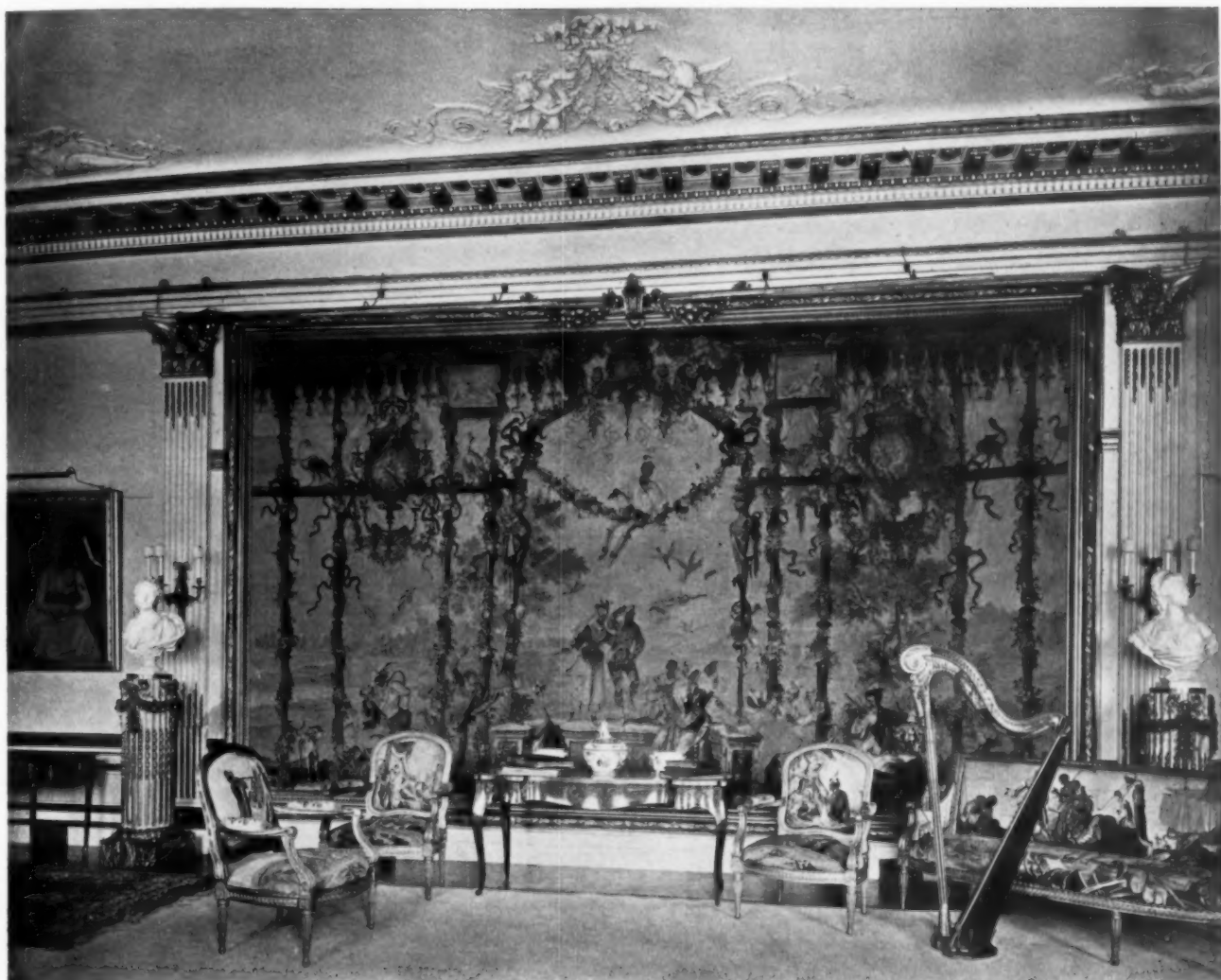
It is, however, in their wealth of famous pictures that the rooms at Cliveden attract most vividly. Romney and Gainsborough are well represented, and the latter's portrait of Mrs. Chaplin appears in the detail illustration of a drawing-room fireplace, but it is to the canvases of Sir Joshua Reynolds that we turn with most delight. Over the fireplace in the library hangs the superb picture of Polly Kennedy. It has a personal interest, because it is connected with the liking for fashionable frivolity which tempered the laborious years of Reynolds' life. He painted it about 1770, at a time when he was tireless in attending the smart and not always reputable social functions which London afforded. Many of the professional beauties of the day sat to him, and among them Polly Kennedy. We may quote Mr. Claude Phillips' description of the picture: "She is seen here in a rich and fanciful costume, Oriental, according to the notions of the time. The dress is white and gold, with an outer robe of sumptuous orange brocade, lined with ermine, and a blue sash. An anxious expression gives a peculiar character to the fair face, the apparently high breeding of which it is difficult to associate with a venal beauty of such wide and liberal views as the too-popular Miss Kennedy must, according to all accounts, have professed. No doubt Sir Joshua has idealised and generalised, as he was only too prone to do with women, though, luckily for posterity, not with men; at any rate, he has



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THE DRAWING-ROOM.

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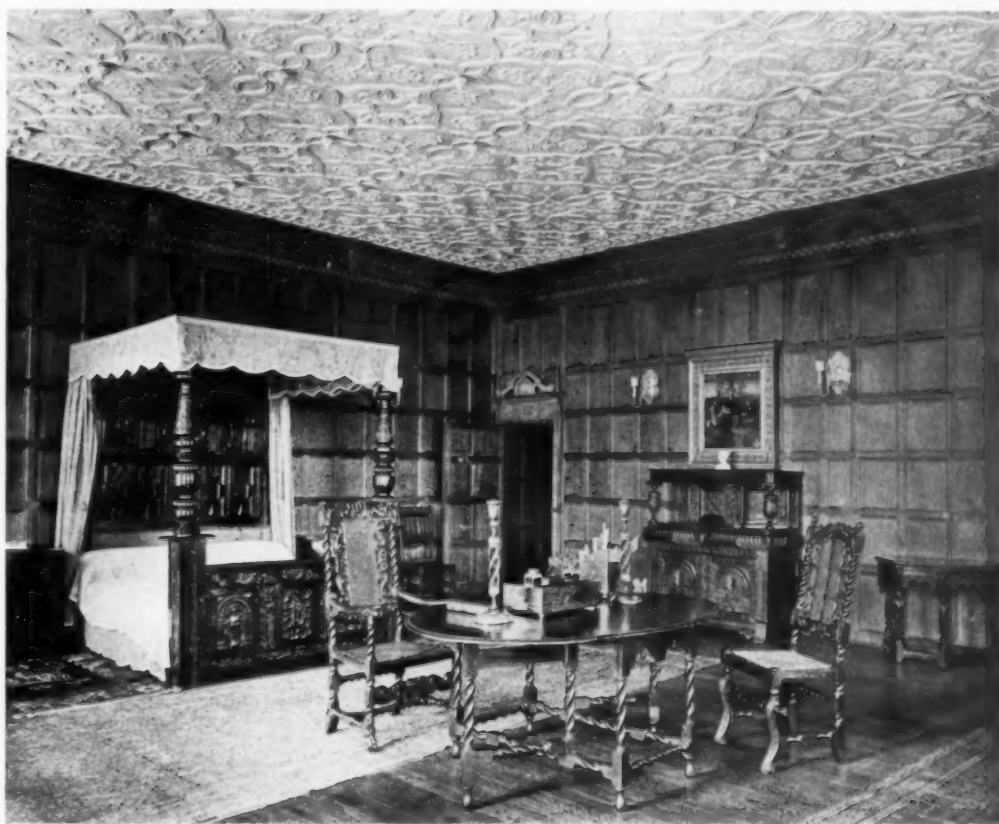
TAPESTRY IN DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

produced a singularly beautiful, distinguished, and, above all, pathetic picture." She was a notable woman, as was seen when her two brothers, ruffianly and drunken fellows, were tried for their lives after a brawl in which a watchman was killed. Strenuous efforts were made by powerful people, including no less a person than Junius, to prevent the Kennedys escaping the penalty of their crime, but their sister won their lives against even such heavy odds. The picture is the more interesting because there survives a letter by Sir Joshua, which was written to the man for whom it was painted, Sir Charles Bunbury, the lady's chief admirer at that time:

September, 1779.

Dear Sir,—I have finished the face very much to my own satisfaction. It has more grace and dignity than anything I have ever done, and it is the best coloured. As to the dress, I should be glad it might be left undetermined till I return from my fortnight's tour. When I return, I will try different dresses. The Eastern dresses are very rich, and have one sort of dignity; but 'tis a mock dignity in comparison of the simplicity of the antique. The impatience



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IN THE JACOBEOAN MANNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A BEDROOM FIREPLACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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I have to finish it will shorten my stay in the country. I shall set out in an hour's time. I am, with the greatest respect, your most obliged servant,
J. REYNOLDS.

Among the other Reynolds portraits at Cliveden is one of Mrs. Bunbury, and another of Miss Horneck. The Horneck family were very faithful to the great painter in sitting constantly for their portraits. In 1764 he painted one of the Miss Horneck (Goldsmith's "Little Comedy"), afterwards Mrs. Bunbury, and the same lady with her sister, the "Jessamy Bride," in 1765. He painted both of them again in 1766. Fanny Burney knew the Hornecks, who were present at that first visit to Leicester Fields so cleverly described in her memoirs. Fanny Burney found Miss Horneck very low-spirited and silent, owing to the misfortunes of her fiancé—a mood that does not appear in the picture.

Cliveden is associated with many great names of Victorian days. Mr. Gladstone stayed there often, and the inscription round the frieze was composed by him for the Duke of Sutherland. Garibaldi was a guest on his triumphal visit to England after Italy was freed and unified. Another Italian patriot, Lacaita, found refuge there after fleeing from Naples and the fear of the unspeakable Bomba. Cliveden has had a chequered history, for fire and fashions have never left its fabric untouched



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IN THE CHINESE MANNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

for many years, but in its new ownership, and made beautiful by many notable works of art, it has taken again its rightful place as a house of large architectural interest. L. W.

THE WALLED GARDEN AT EDZELL CASTLE.

OF all the great gardens in Great Britain there is none which can show a more attractive treatment of a walled enclosure than the ruins of Edzell Castle. Unhappily the garden, like the castle, lies waste, but the wall now illustrated has suffered little. It shows how tenderly a love of the liberal arts was fostered in Scotland at the beginning of the seventeenth century amidst continual forays and slaughterings that belong to an age of barbarity. It is the more amazing that the garden walls

have not suffered worse dishonour than our pictures show. Edzell has been a ruin for nearly two hundred years, since the last of its Lindsays, after a century during which the family had been declining, died a landless outcast as an hostler in an Orkney village inn.

In the days of its splendours Edzell was the most notable castle in the county of Forfar, which justly earned the name of The Land of the Lindsays. Sir Alexander, father of the first Earl of Crawford, was the first of the Lindsays to possess it,



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EDZELL CASTLE; LODGE AT SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF THE WALLED GARDEN. "COUNTRY LIFE."

for it came to him in 1358 when he married Catherine Strivelin of Glenesk, but it was not until the days of Sir David, who died in 1528, that the Lindsays of Edzell became a definite branch, junior to the holders of the earldom. The eighth Earl's son, by a wickedness so consummate that he earned for himself the name of "The Wicked Master"—no small achievement in those brawling days—was disinherited in favour of the second David of Edzell. The latter became ninth Earl, but was of a nature so generous that he gave back the title to the Wicked Master's son. It is with his own son Sir David, Lord Edzell, that we are especially concerned. During his temporary grip of the Crawford revenues the ninth Earl added to the old Stirling Tower at Edzell a new range of buildings round a quadrangle. MacGibbon and Ross attribute to the same date the walled flower garden, but this seems wrong. The wall bears the date 1604 and there is no reason to doubt that this marks accurately the date of its building. Sir David, Lord Edzell, showed in his youth that tendency to bicker with his neighbours which was a Lindsay characteristic. He dashed into any family quarrel whether he was personally concerned or not. His brother John was a level-headed judge, the founder of the house of Balcarres, which was merged with the Crawford earldom at the end of the eighteenth century. He seems to have weaned his strenuous brother from too vigorous courses. David settled down to tastes and pursuits which, as a biographer has said, "mingled with his more feudal characteristics in strange association; he was learned and accomplished—the sword, pen and the pruning-hook were equally familiar to his hand; he even anticipated the geologist's hammer, and had at least a taste for architecture and design." These last qualifications may be emphasised on a more appreciative note. Though the details of the carvings in the walled garden are somewhat crude, it is none the less a most accomplished piece of work. The date 1604 seems significant. David Lindsay received his knighthood in 1581, and when his brother John of Balcarres, Lord Menmuir, resigned his seat as Lord of Session, Sir David took the vacant place and the name of Lord Edzell. When his Sovereign became James the First of England he was promoted to the rank of Privy Councillor. The influence on Scottish life of the Union of the Crowns is not always fully recognised in its bearing on Northern architecture. The very disturbed condition of Scotland during the sixteenth century had held back the development of garden design, though there is evidence that more thought was given to it than would be expected. It is



MARS.

not impossible that the large architectural treatment of the Edzell garden resulted in part from its builder's association with King James' English advisers, who necessarily came into close relationship with Scottish notables in 1603. The arts were in a condition of flux at this time. The language of the Renaissance was disguised by dialects both in England and Scotland, but there was an exuberance of fancy to which Lord Edzell and his craftsmen gave free play, and whatever the influences which fostered the general design, the detail is purely Scottish. Ochterlony's account of Forfar, written about 1682, is generally taken as accurate; but his description of Edzell as "built by the present Laird" is so ludicrously incorrect that his judgment must be suspect in other matters. None the less, we may support his enthusiastic view that the gardens are "far exceeding any new work of their times," and he specifically mentions that the walls were "sumptuously built of hewn stone polished." It is of no less interest to gather from him that "in the excellent outer court, large and level, they used to play at football there, and there are still four great growing trees that are the dobts." Neither Murray nor Jameson gives the word "dobt," but presumably it means goal.

The pleasure garden is oblong and has an area of 2,768 square yards, i.e., well over half an acre. The north wall is undecorated, but the remaining three sides are richly treated. They were divided by vertical stone shafts into compartments crowned by niches with curved pediments. The shafts themselves have disappeared, but their capitals, central bands and bases remain. The compartments are alternately filled with two types of devices which made possible charming effects in wall gardening. One is a large recess with a sculptured panel above it and immediately below the niche; the other is a series of twelve small recesses arranged checkerwise in three rows of four each. These represent the checkered fesse of the Lindsay coat of arms, and above them are the three stars of the Stirlings of Glenesk. In these stars are holes which were probably provided to invite birds to nest in them. The Lindsay checkers are blue and silver, and no doubt the recesses were filled with some blue flowering plant of dwarf habit and inconspicuous leaf. Parkinson's *Paradisi in Sole*, published in 1629, gives many flowers that Lord Edzell might have employed. Dwarf campanulas, bell-flowers, double blue daisies, globe-flowers, or even cornflowers, might have been used to give a compact mass of blue. Perhaps the best flower for the purpose to-day would be the lobelia, but it was not available in 1604. If he chose to use the silver of his coat, in the recesses of an adjoining bay, some silvery foliage would have served, such as stachys, woundwort, gnaphalium, catsfoot or cerastium.

The effect must have been delightful, for there are twenty of these fesses in all, seven each on the east and west walls



SATURN.

and six on the north face of the south wall. The idea is well worthy of adoption in modern walled gardens, as a change from the haphazard wall-planting which is usual. The Edzell niches have bases carved as cushions and no doubt were filled by busts of Roman emperors, etc., like those which were set on the terrace buttresses at Balcaskie some years later. The carved oval panels have escaped damage. On the east wall are representations of seven planets; on the south are the liberal arts, Dialectica, Rhetorica, Geometria, Arithmetica and Musica. The seven cardinal virtues occupy the west wall—Faith, Hope and

it a coat of arms and the motto *Dum spiro spero*. At the south-east corner Lord Edzell built a lodge and garden-house combined. The former is entered from the garden. It has a stone vaulted roof and a little turret stair to two rooms above, once used perhaps for fruit. The lodge is a single room entered from without the wall. At the south-west corner is a well built in the thickness of the wall and a few remains of what was once a bath-house.

David Lord Edzell, the creator of the garden, died in 1610. His son was touched with the turbulence of his race



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EDZELL CASTLE: EAST WALL OF GARDEN FROM WITHIN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Charity, Prudence, Temperance, Justice and Courage. From the point of view of their merits as sculpture, the three series vary considerably. The Liberal Arts are in bold relief and show a skilful hand. The Deities of the Heavens and the Virtues are in lower relief and are less well done.

The ancient splendours of the Lindsays have departed from Edzell, but Nature has replaced them with her treasures of gold and silver lichen which dapple the rich red of the carved sandstone. There is a door in the east wall, and over

and was concerned in the murder of his kinsman, Lord Spynie. His estate was "ruined and rent" by the troubles which followed. He was succeeded by his nephew, whose son and grandson, reckless and improvident men, completed the ruin of the house of Edzell. The last laird sold the estate to the fourth Earl of Panmure to raise funds in aid of the Jacobite cause, and since his days the castle has slowly gone to ruin.

Standing as it does with its great red bulk brilliantly defined against the green of the rising woodland, Edzell is a



ARITHMETICA.

noble monument of a stormy chapter in Scottish life, and it may be hoped that everything possible will be done to arrest the further decay of the castle and its beautiful walled garden.

LAWRENCE WEAVER.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE SNOWBEDS OF THE CAIRNGORM HILLS.

PERPETUAL snow in these islands is an extreme rarity. On the West Coast of Scotland Ben Nevis holds more than one snowbed in its corries which has never disappeared from the hill within living memory, and Ben Wyvis, in Ross-shire, is said to be never entirely free of snow. The Cairngorm Hills boast of at least one snowfield which may truthfully be said to be perpetual—at all events, it has never been known to approach the vanishing point even during the hottest summer—and there are several other wreaths which disappear only very occasionally. Lying as they do in the extreme centre of Scotland, the rainfall—and in winter the snowfall—on the Cairngorms is considerably less than is the case with Ben Nevis, which is exposed to the full fury of the Atlantic storms; but still the Cairngorms carry an immense amount of snow on the disappearance of winter and, as we have said, some of this snow remains throughout the summer months.

THE FUAR GARBHCHOIRE.

Towards the south-west of Braeriach (4,248ft.) is an extremely wild corrie known as the Fuar Garbhchoire (the cold rough corrie), where lies the snowbed we have written of above. Protected by high precipices from every wind but the east, the corrie receives the sun only during the first half of the day, and by afternoon the snow is in deep shadow, even in the month of June. We paid a visit to the corrie during the third week in October, and found the snowfield still some ninety yards in length and frozen so hard that it was impossible to maintain one's footing on it. Although during our walk up the lower part of the corrie we faced a gale from the north-west, with blinding snow, in the vicinity of the snowbed the air was intensely still, and it would seem that it is owing, largely, to this almost perpetual absence of wind that the snow is able to resist the summer heat. The corrie is of somewhat interesting shape, and we imagine that during a severe snow-storm the snow is drifted into it from all quarters. This, we think, is the only explanation which can account for the immense quantity of snow which buries the corrie every spring.

THE SNOWBEDS ABOVE LOCH AVON.

It is near the source of the Avon—one of the tributaries of the Spey—that very extensive snowfields are piled up during the winter months, and we have never known that part of Ben Macdhui entirely free of snow. On the almost perpendicular rocks to the

west of the loch is the seat of one of these snowbeds, and we were under the impression until the present autumn that it never disappeared from the rocks. Just before the arrival of the new snows we visited the spot and found the snowbed on the point of disappearance, the largest remaining portion of the field—which had split up into isolated patches—being only some twelve yards in length and of no great depth. True, there was no possibility, so late in the season, of the complete disappearance of the snow, but we were led to suppose that such might be the case during an exceptionally favourable year. The extent of these snowfields in autumn depends largely on the direction in which the snowstorms of the previous winter have crossed the hills, and this factor is of more importance than the weather experienced during the summer months. At a height of 4,000ft. and at the source of the Garbh Uisge (the rough water), the hillside invariably carries throughout the summer a drift of great size and depth, but under favourable circumstances this field may disappear during the autumn months.

ON THE PTARMIGAN'S PLUMAGE.

The ptarmigan during the winter months is essentially a bird of the snows; but it is a fact of interest that the mountain grouse retains the snow-white plumage of the wing throughout the summer. Why this should be so is somewhat doubtful, unless it be to aid it in its escape from its winged enemies, such as the golden eagle. When flying its white wings render the ptarmigan a conspicuous object; but directly the bird drops to earth the wings are folded and the ptarmigan, in its lichen grey plumage, remains almost invisible against the hillside. To the eagle, or to any bird of prey in pursuit, this sudden change must be disconcerting, and probably gives the fugitive a better chance to escape. The snow-bunting is another hill-bird which retains much white in its plumage throughout the summer; in fact, the cock bird is markedly whiter in summer than in winter; but in his case the black and white nesting plumage seems to be assumed for the purpose of captivating the hen bird.

THE WHITE-TAILED EAGLE.

It is greatly to be feared that the handsome white-tailed or sea-eagle will in the course of the next few years cease to exist as a British nesting species. Like the osprey, this eagle is, to a certain extent, migratory, and it is probably owing to this habit that it has decreased so markedly during the past few decades. Yarrell stated in his "British Birds" that in his day the white-tailed eagle was much more abundant than the golden eagle as a British species. At one time it was common in Norfolk, where it was known as the Fen eagle, and nested in Westmorland at a later date. For many years a pair nested in the Isle of Man, and eaglets were said to have been taken in the Isle of Wight in 1780. In Scotland the sea-eagle nested on the Bass Rock and on Ailsa Craig, where it doubtless preyed on the colonies of solan geese. Although at the present time the sea-eagle is met with nesting only on sea cliffs, in former days the species had its nesting quarters on many inland lochs, where the eyrie was generally constructed on some islet. In one instance—in a certain Highland loch—two eyries were discovered on different islands, and each nest was built not more than four feet above the ground. In another instance as many as five eyries were found within a radius of two miles. At the present day the white-tailed eagle is found nesting only at the extreme northern limits of these islands—we doubt whether there are half-a-dozen occupied eyries in the British Isles—but abroad the eagle has a wide range. It is resident in Iceland and Greenland, and is met with from the extreme North of Norway to Spain, Sicily and Greece. It occurs in Russia and Japan, and has been met with in China and India. We hear of an interesting method by which the Highlanders are, or were, in the habit of capturing the young sea-eagles. Large masses of cotton-wool were lowered on a rope to the eyrie, and the eaglets, seeing what they imagined to be an enemy approaching, turned over on their backs and struck out vigorously with their talons. These latter, of course, became firmly entangled in the cotton-wool, and the unwilling victims were then dragged ignominiously to the top.

PEREGRINES AND PARTRIDGES.

We recently spent two interesting days hawking partridges with a couple of peregrines belonging to a friend. One of the falcons was an immature bird and had had little practice, but the other, a female in good plumage, possessed considerable skill. She gave us several exciting moments, although she was actually unsuccessful in killing a bird. The partridges were extremely wild, and as we had no setters it was difficult to locate them, and still more difficult to mark them down. The procedure followed was to flush a certain covey, to mark them down as nearly as possible and then, having unhooded the falcon, to run through the field

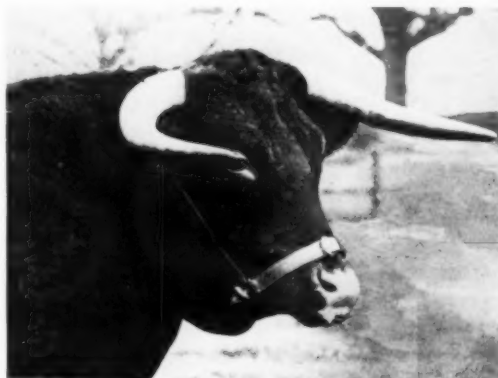
at top speed endeavouring to make the birds rise when the falcon was in a favourable position to stoop. The weather was none too favourable, and unfortunately, on the second day, our best peregrine loosened in some way one of her largest wing-feathers, which incapacitated her from further flying. On one occasion our immature bird was absent some time, and when she reappeared to view

it was seen that she was accompanied by a wild peregrine, also a hen, which, of course, continued on her flight when the tame bird came to the lure. We heard that this bird had been seen accompanying the trained falcon on several previous occasions, and that she roosted in a wood where the "eyess" was in the habit of paying her visits.

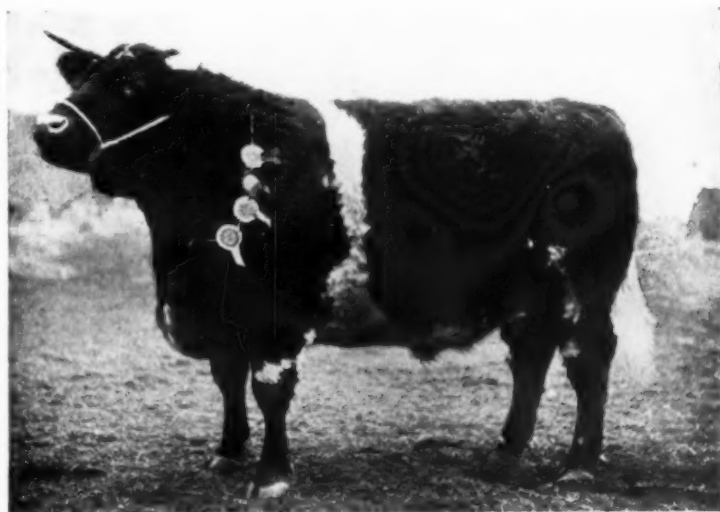
SETON GORDON.

FAT STOCK AT SMITHFIELD.

VISITORS to Smithfield this year are not likely to congratulate one another on the excellence of the weather conditions. They were not unbearable on Monday, when the exhibition was honoured by the visit of the King; but on Tuesday they can only be described as "a London particular." There was a fog, and out of the fog came heavy rain, which is not a usual occurrence. In spite of the depressing atmosphere, the utmost cheerfulness prevailed within the Agricultural Hall at Islington. There was a good show and a capital attendance. The King was much more successful at Smithfield than he had been at Norwich. In fact, he took a champion plate for the best single pig exhibited, and in addition to this Berkshire he won many other important prizes. Windsor has often produced good Devons, and this year the King carried off the breed cup, two firsts and a second. The Herefords are equally famous, and they carried off two seconds and a third. A West Highland steer and heifer that he showed commanded universal admiration, although each only managed to obtain second place. But the most interesting section of the show was that of the shorthorns. Here the judges at Smithfield, as is not unusual with them, reversed several of the decisions that had been made at preceding shows. The most remarkable animal in the show was Mr. W. Cazalet's Golden Arrow, which was awarded the one hundred guinea champion plate for the best beast in the show, thus sustaining the victory won at Birmingham. Mr. Cridlan's Ruby of Maisemore, though it received the King's challenge cup for the best beast bred by the exhibitor, was not even second to Golden Arrow, that position being secured by Lord Rosebery with a roan heifer from his herd at Dalmeny. To return to the shorthorns, the best steer not exceeding two years



A TYPICAL DEVON HEAD.
From the Windsor Herd.



THE BEST BEAST IN THE SHOW.
Mr. W. Cazalet's Golden Arrow.

years with La Mancha Paddy, which also secured the prize for the best small cross-bred in the show.

In sheep Mrs. Perry Herrick was to the front in the Leicester or Border Leicester class with a pen of three wether lambs under

old was produced by Lord Fitzhardinge, and the King was second with Royalist. Mr. Cazalet's beast in the class for steers above two and not exceeding three years old had also for runner-up the King with Marmaduke, while Lord Fitzhardinge took the third place. Lord Rosebery's heifer was easily first in her class, the King again being second and Lady Grantley third. Mr. Cazalet, of course, took the breed cup, with Lord Rosebery as runner-up. In that favourite breed, the Aberdeen-Angus, Colonel Charles McInroy was first with Vernon II. of the Burn, and this animal was subsequently made champion in the class for the best beast not exceeding two years old. The best Aberdeen-

Angus steer above two and not exceeding three years old was Mr. Findlay's Pat of Aberlour, with Lord Rosebery second. The best heifer not exceeding three years was Eola of Morlich, belonging to Mr. J. H. Bridges. The section devoted to cross-bred animals is always an interesting one from the butcher's point of view, and it brought out some capital beasts, of which the best, of course, was Mr. Cridlan's heifer. The best cross-bred steer not exceeding two years old was shown by Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart. The best above two and not exceeding three years was carried off by Mr. G. E. Morris-Eyton. Mr. C. F. Raphael's Ruth of Shenley was the best heifer not exceeding two years. In small cross-breds, which is an increasingly popular kind of livestock, the executors of Mr. T. H. Bainbridge showed a fine steer not exceeding two years old, which won easily. Sir Walter Gilbert took a first for the steer above two and not exceeding three



WINDSOR BEAUTY, THE BEST DEVON HEIFER.
His Majesty the King, Windsor.



CAPTAIN, FIRST PRIZE DEVON STEER.
His Majesty the King, Windsor.

twelve months. Mr. E. F. Jorden showed the best pen of three fat wether sheep above twelve and under twenty-four months old, and he also was awarded the cup for the best pen of Leicesters or Border Leicesters. Messrs. J. H. Dean and Sons carried all before them in the classes for Lincolns. In Southdowns Mr. C. R. W. Adeane was first with a pen of three fat wether lambs under twelve months old, and the King was first with a pen of three wether

sheep above twelve and under twenty-four months old. His Majesty was awarded the cup for the best pen of Southdowns, Mr. Adeane being reserve. Mr. Blackwell secured the cup for the best pen of Hampshire Downs, and Mr. H. E. Smith secured a similar award for the best pen of Suffolks. A very fine lot of pigs was shown, the cup for the best pen of middle whites going to Lord Rosebery, and that for the best pen of large whites to Lord Ellesmere.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IN the third volume of the second supplement to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the paper of greatest literary interest is undoubtedly contributed by Mr. Edmund Gosse, on Swinburne. Mr. Gosse writes from intimate personal knowledge of the poet, and his study will henceforth be regarded as an authoritative contemporary document. In a note at the end, he gives the interesting information that his personal recollections extend over more than forty years. He tells us also that Swinburne left behind him a considerable amount of manuscripts not yet published. These include, among other things, a series of Northumbrian ballads which Mr. Gosse describes as "fine." The story of the poet that he has to tell is an extremely interesting one. It was always a grievance with Swinburne that he had the ill-luck to be born in London. He should have been born in Northumberland, the county of his ancestry and the part of England that he loved most. He came into the world all but dead, and was not expected to live an hour. Perhaps this was a blessing in disguise, as it led to his being brought up very much in the open air. He never became a sportsman in the usual acceptance of that word, but he was devoted to climbing, riding and swimming. For his strength he was an extremely good swimmer. Mr. Gosse, without being indiscreet, is frank in regard to some at least of the indiscretions that marked the poet's youth; but more interesting than the story of his weaknesses is the statement that "at the age of fourteen many of his lifelong partialities and prejudices were formed." In a sense, Swinburne always was a young man—young in enthusiasm and energy and go, but not young in the sense that he was continually developing. As a poet, though he never liked to have it said or written, he touched his high-water mark in the publication of "Atalanta," and this poem made his fame at once. It came out at a time when the *Saturday Review* was exerting the greatest influence, and this journal had, almost immediately on publication, printed a really remarkable review which left subsequent critics nothing new to say about the greatest of Swinburne's poems. Often afterwards the poet's wrath was roused against the "Saturday Reviler," as he called it, but when the case was clearly for him, there was no more appreciative critic than the writer in that journal. For a few years subsequent to that, Swinburne's name was the most widely known, if not the most notorious, in London. He had a certain circle of enthusiastic friends, who, at the time, possessed vast influence, which was exerted in his favour. Among these were Rossetti and Ruskin. But rich and manifold as were his gifts, his character in some respects was too weak for him to live alone, and it was a fortunate day for him when Mr. Theodore Watts Dunton, Mr. Theodore Watts as he was then, took him into his household. Here he lived a quiet and regular life for nearly thirty years, during the latter portion of which his deafness and other physical drawbacks caused him to withdraw from ordinary society. At "The Pines" he saw only a few choice friends, did his writing in the famous upper room which was converted into a study, took his walks on Wimbledon Common, and showed the great love of children which had come to him in mature years, by stopping perambulators and giving sweetmeats and kind words to the little passengers. He remained a copious writer of verse, but never again of that splendour of inspiration which brought forth "Before the Beginning of Years" and the other lyrics of "Atalanta."

Scarcely inferior in interest to the Swinburne biography is Mr. Masefield's contribution on J. M. Synge. He was born as late as 1871, so that his biographer is probably right when he says that "he died when his powers were only beginning to show themselves." At the beginning he was too self-conscious to attain the success he might otherwise have achieved. There must be a very great difference between the representation of life by one who has mixed in it, spoken the language and shared the sympathies of the actors, and one who goes as a spectator, carefully noting down the words and turns of phrase that he overhears. The difference might be exemplified by comparing the Nature in Scott's poetry and the Nature in Wordsworth's poetry. What was poetic in Sir Walter Scott was human romance, the beauties of Nature were noted down and, as Wordsworth put it, you cannot make an inventory of Nature. Synge went to Aran Island on the suggestion of Mr. Yeats, for the

express purpose of making copy out of the inhabitants. It was a very delightful visit, and the copy was delightful; but it was not so delightful as it would have been if the author by good fortune had been born and spent his childhood in the island. As it was, he did very well, and must have amused the islanders, as he took with him his fiddle, his conjuring tricks, his camera and penny whistle. Mr. Masefield remarks with great feeling that, like all men of genius, he awakened animosity in those anxious to preserve old standards or fearful of setting up new ones.

There are many other literary memoirs in the volume. In fact, the articles relating to literature, including journalism, philology and philosophy, number one hundred and thirty-two. They include Herbert Spencer, by Hugh S. R. Elliot; Goldwin Smith, by Sir Sidney Lee; Sir H. M. Stanley, by Sidney J. Low; and Sir Leslie Stephen, by Sir Sidney Lee. There is a considerable interest in the present Editor's description of the qualifications of his predecessor. On this subject he says:

His wide reading, his catholic interests in literary effort, his tolerant spirit, his sanity of judgment, and his sense of fairness, admirably fitted him for the direction of an enterprise in which many conflicting points of view are entitled to find expression. On the other hand, though familiar with the general trend of history, he was not a trained historical student, and was prone to impatience with mere antiquarian research. But he recognised that archaeological details within reasonably liberal limits were of primary importance to the Dictionary, and he refused mercy to contributors who offered him vague conjecture or sentimental eulogy instead of unembroidered fact. To the selection of contributors, to the revision of manuscripts, to the heavy correspondence, to the clerical organisation, he gave at the outset anxious attention. But he never quite reconciled himself to office routine, and his steady application soon developed a nervous depression.

The most important article on art is Sir Sidney Colvin's on G. F. Watts. Few can have realised the immense industry of Watts. The number of paintings left by him is computed at something like eight hundred. Twenty-five are in the Tate Gallery and thirty-six in the National Portrait Gallery, and there are few important public galleries, either in the United Kingdom or in the Colonies, which do not possess a Watts. Sir Sidney Colvin says:

Watts might easily have been a master of brilliant and showily effective technique had he chosen. Some of his earlier work shows a remarkable aptitude that way; but he deliberately checked it, and laboured all his life, humbly and experimentally, to emulate the higher and subtler qualities which roused him to enthusiasm in Attic sculpture and Venetian painting. The result is generally a certain reticent and tentative method of handling, which does not, however, exclude either splendour of colouring or richness and vitality of surface. Something of the same reticence and tentativeness, the same undemonstrative brushwork, with an earnest and often highly successful imaginative endeavour to bring to the surface the inward and spiritual character of his sitters, makes the whole range of his portraits.

PROBLEMS OF THE LAND.

English Farming Past and Present, by R. E. Prothero. (Longmans, Green.)

THIS is an important and weighty contribution to the literature of husbandry on its sociological and political side. The author does not profess to give an account of the improvements in processes which have taken place in farming. He is concerned much more with the social status of those engaged in agriculture, and the attitude maintained towards them by other sections of the community. It is an orderly history of English farming, beginning with the manorial system and ending with the controversies of the present moment. It may be taken as an antidote to a very highly coloured history of the rural labourer published some time ago, in which the authors sang the song of labour's hardships regardless of the relationship between the privations incidental to a time and those incidental to a class. Even in the eighteenth century the squireen did not possess everything that the labourer now regards as necessities. Mr. Prothero does not hold a brief for any class in particular, but gives a fair and judicial account of the break-up of the manor and of the changes that occurred during the reign of Elizabeth. His chapters on the manorial system, and thence onward to the day of Jethro Tull and Arthur Young, are excellently done, and may be commended to all who wish to see the English land question in its true perspective. But the reader of to-day is almost certain to give his first attention to the thorny subject of enclosure, which ignorant writers often misrepresent as being little better than the theft of land from the people. There are really no disagreements among experts, either of that time or of this time, as to the economical wisdom of enclosure. At the same time it is true that the poor commoner was unjustly treated. He had no one to represent him adequately. This is indisputable, and the fact is emphasised by Mr. Prothero. It was a mistake in policy as well as a default in principle to divorce the interests of the labourer from the soil which he cultivated. We do not agree, however, with Mr. Prothero in his

laboured argument that the yeoman did not suffer. He says: "It does not appear that the necessary result of the enclosing movement was to diminish the number of occupying owners," and he goes on to quote from such books as Young's "Norfolk," Mavor's "Berkshire," Davis' "Oxfordshire," Lowe's "Nottinghamshire," and so on, figures which seem to show that the yeoman increased owing to the Enclosure Acts. But it seems to us that all this argument is nullified by the admission, on page 298, that "the period at which farmer-owners diminished most rapidly in numbers was between the years 1813 and 1835." Now the period which produced the greatest number of Enclosure Acts was between 1790 and 1812. The argument is that small holdings of fifty acres or under could be made to pay if the produce of the farm were eked out by rights of grazing on the waste. That is to say, the pressure was economical, and therefore would not be felt at the very moment when the Enclosure Acts were passed.

The small farmer or yeoman gave up when experience demonstrated to him that he could not make a livelihood under the new conditions. Many held on till long after 1835, but as a rule they left their little properties in an embarrassed condition, and those who inherited them very often sold them to get out of debt, especially as the younger people had gone away from such embarrassed homes to seek or make their livelihood in the cities. In any case, a not unkindly sentiment has probably gilt with a splendour not their own the virtues of the small occupying owner. Mr. Prothero cites so many eulogies that we are compelled to think he believes them deserved. As a matter of fact, the man who owns land first with capital insufficient to work it, and then with a load of debt on his shoulders, does neither justice to the land nor to his own character. Both are bound to deteriorate, and did deteriorate. This is the argument that really plays havoc with the policy advocated in the last chapter in this book, that of creating a new type of peasant proprietor. The plea for establishing small holders as owners seems to be rather weak at a time when a Mansion House Fund has had to be opened to relieve the distress caused among men of this class by a single wet summer. However, that is neither here nor there. The value of the book rests not so much on the policy it advocates as on its historical accuracy and on its clear analysis of the present situation. Mr. Prothero—and there is none better able to speak than he—leaves the impression that almost for the first time in their history landowners at the present moment are depressed, and tend to withdraw from the activities associated with their position.

There is considerable excuse for them. Recent taxation has undoubtedly crippled all but the excessively rich, and men who have done their duty well have not always the fortitude to bear without wincing the strong language addressed to them daily, especially as "venomous tongues attempt to poison the crowd against them as individuals." Thus Mr. Prothero puts forward the contention that "from want of leisure or from disinclination they have as a class ceased to bear the burden of political life" and "the irksome drudgery of local administration." Until the year 1889 English farming was supreme. There was nothing equal to it in any other part of the world, and Mr. Prothero claims the credit of this for the landowners. He says landlords were the pioneers of improvement. Nowadays the State has stepped in to do their work and is not doing it so well. For the first time in history, Continental farming, especially that of Germany, compares not unfavourably with that of Great Britain. The policy of impoverishing owners at all hazards is a policy fatal for the well-being of the country at large. It will be well for those whose interests lie in husbandry to reflect well and deeply over the situation. It would be a great pity if all landlords were to seek escape by breaking up their estates and selling to the first comer. They want rather to educate themselves to deal with land under modern conditions. The tenant farmers, as Mr. Prothero rightly points out, have nothing whatever to gain by any projected reform. They are bound to lose every time, whatever happens. Under the municipality or the State the economic rent charged would be greater than what they would get from the individual, if for no other reason because official work is always the most expensive. Roads and bridges, drains and outbuildings would all cost more, and the rate of interest charged would be a rigid one; it would not have the elasticity of rent. The idea of raising the wages of the labourer by legislation might possibly be carried out. It has often been attempted before, though never with success; but it can be done only at the expense of the farmer's pocket. The labourer himself has come to be considered the most important member of the estate, because he outnumbers the others and therefore has the greater voting power; his true welfare, however, does not depend on Acts of Parliament, but on the prosperity of the industry in which he is engaged and the possibilities it offers of his climbing upward.

POETRY.

Lyrics, by Lady Margaret Sackville. (Herbert and Daniel.)

AMONG our younger poets at the present moment there is no one who is making greater progress than Lady Margaret Sackville. She always had the material of poetry at her disposal, but two or three years ago one felt that she often gave promise and occasionally achieved something fine. To-day she has attained to a complete command of her resources. Her diction has the terseness and precision that belong to great writing. In a few lines she can now attain an effect for which she might have struggled through stanzas in her earlier stage. This we say as to the manner of her work. But in poetry style is almost everything. It has been contended that a defect of style nearly always denotes a defect of mind. Language is the medium of transferring a poetic idea from one mind to another. As long as an idea is not transferred, it exists only in a nebulous condition. The art of poetry consists in shaping and moulding this nebulous fancy into its most beautiful form. Sometimes a reputation has been made by a single important work, as, for example, Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," or—a very different case—Byron and his "English Bards and Scottish Reviewers," that caused him to awake and find himself famous. Others go on improving day by day almost imperceptibly, and fame grows as silently as a flower opens. We are inclined to classify Lady Margaret Sackville among the latter. It is in the tissue of her work that we find most improvement. She modestly describes these lyrics as "merest records of passing moods." So they are, but the mind must be a rich one before such passing moods come to it. This is high praise, and perhaps it may be considered dangerous to attempt to substantiate it by quotation; but we venture to think that the three pieces we quote, even if there were no others, would justify it. The first is "In June,"

the second "Weary-well" and the third "Invitation au Repos." We do not say these are the best in the book, but we like them best:

Not a whisper stirs the woods, scarce a gleam
Breaks the thickly twining boughs, 'tis an hour
Purposeless and silent, voiceless as a dream:
Oh, for a little moment let the dream have power!—
I will be quiet a little and listen to my dream.

Something violent and sweet and kind and free
Lurks beneath the branches, and where the shadows creep
Through paths of cool green bracken stirs, bewildering me.
Oh! what is this that lies on the other side of sleep,
Which was once, is not now, and never again shall be?

There is no mirror where I dwell,
And I was fain to see
From the smooth depths of Weary-well
My face smile back at me.

But now if I should stoop to gaze
Where the still water lies,
I could not even see my face
For the tears within my eyes!

No longer heed the restless seas
Calling at the fall of night:
Nor let the perfume-laden breeze,
Soft, treacherous and sweet, invite
You forth: there is no worth in these.
All deceptive cadences
Of sea and wind and day and night
Shut from your ears. For who may know
Any lasting certitude
Who follows where the sea-winds go
East and West, in fickle mood?
But rather when the fire is lit
And the warm pleasant curtains drawn,
Cheerfully remain by it!
The wild night and wilder dawn,
And clamour of the outcast sea,
And lights of the slow-passing ships—
These shall form your reverie;
And when the sea-fog with cold lips
Presses upon the window pane,
Brooding closely on cold wings,
This and the sharp sound of rain
Shall teach you unfamiliar things.
Ah? better thus in dreams to range!—
All far cities are less strange,
Less wondrous than your dream. Abide
Therefore with your dream content!
For it can spread pinions as wide
As any earthly continent.
Friend, stir no more from the fireside!

THE HUMANISATION OF POOR WAT.

The Story of a Hare, by J. C. Tregarthen. (Murray.)

MR. TREGARTHEN, like the American writers whom he imitates, does not know what a tremendously difficult task he has lightly undertaken and carelessly executed. He tries to get inside a hare, or rather a hare's individuality, for the purpose of writing its intimate record. Now there are two ways of doing this, and Mr. Tregarthen, like every member of the school to which he belongs, takes the wrong and easy one. His material is a knowledge of natural history up to a certain point and familiarity with the romantic wilds of Cornwall. But he does not know, nor do any of us know, the mentality of instinct. It would require a very analytical understanding as well as knowledge and imagination to picture a creature destitute of the nerves, the passions, aspirations and regrets of man. Shakespeare achieved something of the kind when he pictured "the dainty Ariel," whose lyric, "Come unto these yellow sands," is free of the human emotions. It would have puzzled even Shakespeare to get the equation of a hare so exactly as to picture its secret attitude to the rest of the world. He would never have attempted it under any circumstances, because of a robust common-sense that warned him away from the impossible. But "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and the world has been flooded of recent years with zoological psychology. Mr. Tregarthen follows the simple plan of making the hare think, speak and act as though it were an ordinary English youth with rather more than the usual share of sentimentality. As illustrating what we mean we refer the reader to the parting scene between the doe and the leveret on page 34. Let us give the passage: "The hare rose at her usual time, but instead of setting out forthwith as was her custom, she went to where the jack lay and licked his face again and again, which she had not done since he was weaned. What was the meaning of this extraordinary display of affection? Was it to solace him for the severity of her schooling and growing coldness? Not at all. It was to mark the moment of separation; it was her last office to him; it was her farewell greeting." The whole passage should be read, it is so like a chapter from a novel. The forlorn and melancholy leveret waited in vain for his mother's call—"there was no sound but the moan of the wind about the old earthworks." His mother and sister had "gone out of his life." How often has the story figured in fiction—a mother's last kiss, desolation of the hero, his high resolve to address himself to the struggle before him? Just as certain believers in a spirit world people its murky depths with human beings, so Mr. Tregarthen turns his animals into four-footed men and women, or rather the simulacra of men and women to be found in inferior fiction. That Mr. Tregarthen should have fallen into the habit of doing a trick so easily learned is the more to be regretted because of his valuable gifts of knowledge and writing capacity. But he dedicates his book to Marie Corelli and evidently is out after popularity.

The White Knights, by T. G. Wakeling. (John Murray.)

THE White Knights of Mr. Wakeling's title are a military Order formed somewhat on the lines of the Crusaders, whose object it is to bring to a high degree of proficiency the arts of self-defence. Mr. Wakeling's romance is concerned with the enmity obtaining between the tribe of El-Bedoui and a certain sect called the Senussi, the interest of the story being the greater since by marriage with an Englishman a daughter of the Bedouins has introduced alien blood into the direct line. Mohammed Howell, to all intents and purposes an Englishman, is, on our introduction to him, crossing to Port Said with Denis Grey, both young men having just left Oxford, where Howell's parentage has not been known. As Howell's guest, Grey is taken into his confidence, and proceeds with him into the desert, where the Arab life gains such ascendancy over Grey that he becomes practically one of the tribe, is admitted to the Order of El Firsan el Bied, engages with them against the Senussi when at length trouble breaks out, and eventually finds his happiness through Howell's sister. Mr. Wakeling has written a stirring romance which does not altogether depend for its interest on the story—which is a good one—but is also worth attention on account of the cleverness of its descriptions and the evident care with which he has gathered together his material.

St. Quin, by Dion Clayton Calthrop. (Alston Rivers.)

WHEN Edmund St. Quin, on his twenty-first birthday, decides to accept the legacy of two thousand pounds bequeathed to his predecessors and himself successively by a former St. Quin, wherewith to see the world for five years before settling down, he does so in ignorance of the effect upon himself which five years of vagabondage is likely to produce. Under a conventional exterior, the youth is secretly attracted by the romantic and unusual, and it is this divergence from the accepted type of St. Quin, thrusting its way up through a mass of self-consciousness and class restrictions, that makes him the delightfully human and philosophical character with whom we part at the story's end. Adventures, more or less amusing and touching, come to him with the inconsequent and plausible inevitability of true romance; nor does this detract in the least from the reality of Mr. Calthrop's characters, whose freakish behaviour we have followed with an enjoyment due to the lightness of the author's fancy and the pretty humour of his presentment of a world that stands just within the borders of the fantastic.

Our Alty, by M. E. Francis. (John Long.)

MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL'S novel is set in rural Lancashire, and has that simplicity in plot and shrewd humour in characterisation which mark her work. The Orrells, grandparents to Alty, have at the story's opening come down in the world, and are almost at the end of their resources. With the death of Peter Orrell, it falls to Alty to find employment, so that she can support her grandmother; and this she does by suggesting herself for "lad's work" to John Fazackerly of Hawthorn Farm. Fazackerly accepts her services, and the story that follows is one of simple and engaging naturalness, in which the character of Alty, honest, proud and ardent, is gradually unfolded to the winning of our sympathy. We could have dispensed with her second suitor, Dennis Royton, a somewhat conventional and weak villain who contrasts unfavourably with the silent and resourceful John Fazackerly; but, for the rest, the book is a pleasant and readable one, which, if it does not show Mrs. Blundell at her best, has sufficient gentle attraction to recommend it to those who like a quiet tale of the country-side.

The Heroine in Bronze, by James Lane Allen. (Macmillan.)

THOUGH innately beautiful in conception, style and treatment, and from this standpoint a piece of very fine workmanship, it cannot be denied that this book of Mr. James Lane Allen's will be limited in its appeal. For in it the humanities seem to have been lost sight of by the growing tendency towards a visionary outlook which, while it lends a mystical charm to the author's effects, has also weakened his portrait as a whole. Yet this portrait of a young girl—the story's acknowledged object—is most engaging, for, though hardly more than a sketch, but each stroke the expression of a subtle and deliberate insight into the intimate workings of the spirit that animates his snow-maiden, Mr. Allen leaves us through

it with a clear vision before us of girlhood, chill, aloof, virginal, trembling on the borderland that separates the real from the ideal, and unafraid. With his hero he is less successful; could his years but have been doubled, the sobriety and philosophical reasonableness and prolixity with which he expresses himself might not have struck so unreal a note. However, this by the way; Mr. Allen has given us of his best in this book, and to those who know his work, its delicacy and its beauty, this should be recommendation enough.

THE UNIVERSITY RUGBY MATCH.

NEVER was there better proof of the unquenchable enthusiasm aroused by the University Rugby Football Match than that furnished by the crowd assembled at Queen's Club on Tuesday. Never was there a day so entirely worthy of the epithets always associated with the name of Mr. Mantalini. A murky,



THE OXFORD CAPTAIN, L. G. BROWN.

yellow haze hung like a pall over the ground, while the rain drummed quite steadily and pitilessly down upon innumerable umbrellas, and yet hundreds of ladies came to the uncovered seats at least half-an-hour before play began, and sat themselves courageously down upon copies of the illustrated papers. It was the most depressing of all recorded days; nevertheless, it is probable that very few of the spectators regretted their courage, and it is to be hoped that no loyal supporter of Cambridge wished to be anywhere else, for he not only saw a game that, in spite of the heavy going, was infinitely fast, open and exciting, but, better still, a much-needed victory for his University—the first since 1905.

When Cambridge came out first from the pavilion amid rousing cheers, the umbrellas all round the ground went down with one simultaneous snap, as if by magic, and the rain, as if appreciating the bravery of the onlookers, practically stopped. Cambridge kicked off, and for a moment it seemed as if there might be a repetition of last year's rout, when Cambridge, a young, untried team of many Freshmen, were demoralised and put to flight in the first few minutes by the swerving runs of Poulton. Oxford once more went off with tremendous dash, but this time Poulton was a touch judge, not a player, and their adversaries were, comparatively, a side of veterans. Cambridge soon rallied; their forwards carried the scrummage in fine style, and the game settled down in the Oxford half. The attack was well sustained for some time, till a poor kick by Wallace, the Cambridge full-back, who for the most part played admirably, enabled Oxford to touch down and relieve the pressure.

Then came Oxford's turn. Some beautiful play by Knott gained ground, and there was a magnificent run by Geen, the left-wing three-quarter. Geen, seen from a distance, is not unlike Poulton, who was once his partner on the wing, and as he ran and swerved and corkscrewed through his would-be tacklers, the Cambridge spectators felt for a moment the horrid illusion that their arch-enemy was once more upon them. Geen's fine run failed by a hair's breadth, but soon after there came another attack in which Brown, the captain, was very prominent. The Oxford forwards swept along with irresistible dash in the loose; the ball was over the line, and Brown scored a try. The place kick failed—small wonder with the sodden ball—and Cambridge held their own well enough for the rest of the first half. Their two wing men, Will and Lowe, were very fast, but their centres once or twice failed, as it seemed, to give them chances; Dickson's defence was splendid at full-back, and Oxford crossed over with a lead of three points.

For a long time in the second half it seemed as if they would keep, if not increase, this lead. Cambridge fought vigorously, but the passing of the Oxford backs, when they got under way, and the loose rushes of their forwards always looked more dangerous than any corresponding movement on the other side, and once Lowe only just saved Cambridge by touching down in the nick of time. At last, however, something definite happened, and that not in Oxford's favour. There was a passing run by the Cambridge backs, and the ball went to Will on the left wing. Will could not possibly get round, but, being extremely fast, he gained much ground. From the line out one could dimly discern through the gathering gloom a fine rush



THE CAPTAIN OF THE CAMBRIDGE TEAM, J. E. GREENWOOD.

by Cambridge; the ball went over the line and there was a helter-skelter race to touch it. Then a moment's suspense, before a Cambridge player was seen in possession of the ball, and then up went hats into the air, regardless of the rain and colds in the head; Cambridge had got a try, Wilson being the scorer. A minute later there was another terrific storm of shouting as Greenwood kicked a goal, a considerable feat, under the circumstances, for the ball was growing heavier and more slimy every minute. Cambridge now came out in what their admirers declared to be their true colours. Having tasted blood, they attacked with a really tigerish ferocity. There was scrummage after scrummage right on the Oxford line, and it seemed as if they must score again, till a penalty kick drove them back and relieved Oxford. Once more a round of passing sent the ball to Will, and once more he gained valuable yards by his speed before the ball went into touch. There was another rush and race over the line; the ball touched down by some half-seen figure on the Cambridge side; Greenwood kicked a second good goal and Cambridge's agony of suspense was over.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

THE LABOURS OF THE RULES OF GOLF COMMITTEE.

THE Rules of Golf Committee are rather a badly-abused body of men. As a general rule they are not exceedingly sensitive to the abuse. They are credited by some of their critics with an almost Oriental indifference to the interests of the game and to the performance of those duties for which they were appointed. There was a good deal of that laughter which has been likened to the crackling of thorns under the pot when they made something of a point of the substitution of the word "shall" for "should" in a rule recently modified. Mr. Low was at the pains to write a letter to the papers explaining the purpose and the importance, which ought not to have required any explanation for the intelligent reader, of the insertion of the "shall," with its imperative force, in place of the "should," which is little more than admonitory. Foolish criticism is to be forgiven, because it hurts nobody, and because it is really only made in ignorance of the facts. The public is entirely unaware how hard some of the committee have to work. I do not say this of the general committee, to which only the more doubtful questions are ever submitted. All of those questions, it may be said, of which the answers are made public, are submitted to the whole committee, by correspondence, but it will hardly be surprising to anyone to learn that an immense number of questions are asked annually to which the answer is so obvious that the chairman of the committee himself can return it, usually referring the enquirers to decisions already given, or else to the rules themselves. While on this point it may be added that golfers might save themselves, and also the chairman of the Rules Committee, much trouble if they would purchase the book, annually published, of the answers given to questions up to the end of the preceding year, or would at least see that a copy was purchased by their local club, for reference.

The number of letters received by the Rules Committee during 1911 was almost exactly five hundred. Many of them ask information on points of the rules, on the customs of the game and on the best way of arranging different kinds of competitions. "These," as the chairman assures me, and as there is every reason to believe, "take a considerable time to answer. There is further," he adds, "a large correspondence addressed to me in a semi-private way from members of the Rules Committee and others who are interested in the game at home and in America. As to how much time the chairmanship takes up it is impossible to say, as I have kept no record, but it must take from four to fourteen hours a week, according to what comes in. In 1908, when the revision of the rules was done, I was in touch with the sub-committee on one point or another every day, and for just a year I was at it and gave it all the time I could get—and that was most of my time, because my hand was injured so that I could do nothing like hard work with it."

Surely this is not a bad record for a man doing work gratuitously for his fellow-golfers! It is not very easy to gauge exactly the work of the sub-committee. It held twenty formal and duly minuted meetings during the year, but, in

addition, it had an indefinite number of unminuted meetings or consultations, generally in conference with, and in aid of, the chairman. The chairman is emphatic on the point that "the work of the Rules Committee is promptly attended to. People may grumble, but they ought to realise that the printed answers to the questions must take some time to return, because both question and answer have to be sent round to all the members of the Committee."

I think that these statements, which I make with the fullest authority, ought to convince any reasonable person that the business of the Rules of Golf Committee is not light, and that it is not lightly taken by those who have to conduct it. The local sub-committee, at any rate, of which a quorum is almost always to be found at St. Andrews, spends a very

appreciable amount of time over the job, and as for the chairman, on whom falls by far the heaviest burden of all, I have made a thorough hunt in my mind through all the men of my acquaintance, and I cannot find one other who does so much work for no pay and for so little acknowledgment or gratitude on the part of those for whom the work is done; and I think that most people, if they draw the coverts of their mind in a like manner for the like quarry, will draw them equally blank.

I do not write this for the justification of the committee, however, nearly as much as for the satisfaction of the golfing public. I do not suppose that it matters to any of the members of the committee whether they are popularly blessed or banned; but it does matter that the general body of golfers should be able to realise that their interests, so far as the rules of the game can affect them, are being looked after with the utmost possible industry by those appointed to that end. I am quite sure that I am on firm ground in making the assertion that it is very improbable indeed, and even impossible, that more time or more careful attention could be devoted to the business. I may say that with perfect impartiality, although I am a member of the general committee, because so very small a portion of the burden falls on the shoulders of that general committee. It is supported nearly wholly by the local sub-committee, and, above all, by him—and fortunate it is that his shoulders are broad—who is its present chairman, and who has held that onerous post since the committee was first established.

H. G. H.



MR. ROBERT HARRIS.

held that onerous post since the committee was first established.

MR. ROBERT HARRIS AND HIS STYLE.

MR. HARRIS' great win against Herd at Sunningdale the other day, though still quite recent, may be said to have passed into the domain of history. The picture of him at the end of his swing is of interest, not only on account of this, his latest achievement, but because it gives a good notion—the best that I have ever obtained from photography—of the peculiarities and excellences of his style. Everybody who sees Mr. Harris play for the first time makes practically the same comment, to the effect that he keeps his arms wonderfully close to his side throughout the entire swing. He stands rather noticeably "open," somewhat in the attitude of an ordinary person about to play an iron shot of no great length. His right arm never seems to leave his side for so much as the fraction of a second, nor does he appear to throw his arms at all far away from his body after the ball has gone. Nevertheless,

he has a rather long swing with a particularly free turn of the body, and, indeed, there is plenty of that admirable attribute of freedom about the whole performance. Possibly it is that fine turn of the body which enables him to swing as he does; if he turned less freely it would seem that the arms must go away from the body, but it is a style that will probably always defy exact analysis. There is, however, much to be said for this notable virtue of compactness.

AN EXPLOSION OF GOLF BALLS.

Golf club-houses appear to be peculiarly liable to interference, both human and providential: they are constantly being either burgled or burned. The

last to suffer the second of these two misfortunes is that of the Kilmalcolm Club in Renfrewshire. It was, in spite of the efforts of the volunteer fire brigade, all but entirely gutted, and the members, roused from their beds in the middle of the night, had to stand helpless while their favourite and irreplaceable clubs were being burned. The spectacle derived a lurid and poignant interest from a display of fireworks given by a large number of expiring golf balls. As the fire increased there was, it appears, an incessant explosion of balls, which are described as "rising into the air in globes of flame of a variety of colours." The novelty of the sight may have afforded some consolation for so many good half-crowns going bang. B. D.

THE SANDSIDE STAG.

FEW stags of recent years have roused so much discussion as the Sandside fifteen-pointer. Controversy has raged in the local papers, and though it would be unfair to compare him to an absolutely wild deer, seeing that for the last three years of his life he was

in an enclosure for stock purposes, his history is nevertheless extremely interesting to students of deer and their horns. It not only provides a conclusive argument to those who deny that artificial feeding is of any benefit to a stag during his period of horn growth, but proves how important a part suitable food plays in the formation of a stag's antlers.

It is not necessary to enter here into a dissertation upon the causes which have led those who own or rent forests in Scotland to provide artificial food for the deer. Let it suffice that they have done so, and that where this practice is followed an improvement in horns has been the result. Indeed, so widely spread is the custom that a far larger proportion of good stags' heads now find their way to the taxidermist's than was the case ten years ago. In those forests which are favourably situated, and which at the same time are occupied or owned by the same proprietor year after year, artificial feeding is often unnecessary; but a great many forests are not so blessed and, in consequence, hand-feeding is resorted to.

Mr. Thomas Pilkington, who has kindly provided me with the fullest facilities for investigating the matter, has been in the habit of so treating his deer for some years. Caithness-shire is a wild, bleak country where there is but little natural shelter, and during hard winters deer are often hard put to it to keep alive. He has also, since 1896, introduced at different times three Warnham stags and some hinds. The deer are fed in winter on locust beans and Indian corn, the continuance of these being dependent on the severity of the winter. Portions of the valley to which they are accustomed to come for their food have been dressed with basic slag, which provides them with sweet grass until very late in the season. In 1907 an eleven-pointer was noticed with a promising head; his shed horns were picked up and, on his making his appearance the following year as a royal, Mr. Pilkington determined to entice him into an enclosure of about four hundred acres, where the remnants of a plantation afforded some shelter. Accordingly, in 1909, this plan was carried into effect, when a photograph of him appeared in COUNTRY LIFE.

The two Warnham stags, originally imported, had not been turned out until 1906, so there is not the slightest doubt that he was free from any strain of park blood. It is equally certain that he did not come from Langwell. This year he carried fifteen points, and as he seemed to show signs of "going back" (he was probably about twelve years old), he was turned out of the enclosure and, in September, was killed. The artificial food he had was exactly the same as that which the other stags, who cared to come for it, obtained; he was not otherwise

"hand-fed," and was kept in the enclosure to improve the stock under conditions which prevented him from wandering off the ground. He furnishes an interesting record of what a pure Highland stag, bred in the usual way, can accomplish in the way of horn growth under really favourable conditions. I append a list of his measurements.

In 1907 the bay on the right horn was missing, that on the left being a knob. Next year he was a royal with twelve good points. In 1909 he was a thirteen-pointer with better and more fully developed points. In 1910 he carried eight good points on the right horn and six on the left, with fine, wild-looking tops. In 1911, instead of a cluster of points on the right top, he had three long, well-developed tines, while the left top was composed of two long points and the back tine, which sub-divided, making him a thirteen-pointer. The appearance of the head when killed may be judged from the photograph.

In conclusion I may add that there is now in the enclosure at Sandside a ten-pointer (also, I am quite satisfied, free from any possible strain of park blood) which carries a better head than did his predecessor at the same age. His shed horns last year measured thirty-six and a quarter inches, while he has a fine span and shows promise of growing an even better

head at some future date than the stag which is the subject of this article.

MEASUREMENTS OF SHED HORNS, SANDSIDE, 1912.

		Length.	Brows.	Bays.	Trays.	Tops.	Girth between brow and bay.
1907.	Right	26	7½	—	7	5½, 6½, 2	3½
	Left	26	8½	1	8½	6½, 7½, 1	3½
1908.	Right	30	8½	5½	8½	8½, 5½, 4½	3½
	Left	29	8½	6	10½	5½, 5½, 6½	4
1909.	Right	34½	9½	6½	8½	11, 8½, 6½	4½
	Left	34½	9	4½	11	12½, 9, 5	4½
1910.	Right	35½	10½	9½	11	10½, 7, 5, 5, 4½	4½
	Left	37½	10	10	12½	13, 10, 6½	4½
1911.	Right	38	11½	10½	10½	13½, 11, 7½	4½
	Left	36½	11	10½	12½	12, 10, 8, 3	4½
I have made the following rough calculation as to the amount of new horn which was grown every year.							
1907.	Right	3½	5	Aggregate of horn = 92in.			
	Left	3½	6	Aggregate of horn = 125½in., an addition of ½in. in beam and 32½in. in length on preceding year's growth.			
1908.	Right	3½	6	Aggregate of horn = 147in., an addition of ½in. in beam and 22½in. in length on preceding year's growth.			
	Left	3½	6	Aggregate of horn = 174in., an addition of nothing in beam and 27in. in length on preceding year's growth.			
1910.	Right	4½	8	Aggregate of horn = 18in., an addition of ½in. in beam and 7in. in length on preceding year's growth.			
	Left	4½	6				
1911.	Right	4½	7				
	Left	4½	7				
		Length.	Brow points.	Bay points.	Tray points.	Tops.	Beam between bay and tray.
1912.	Right	39	11	10½	12½	14, 7, 9, 3½, 2½	5
	Left	40	11	11	13	13, 8, 9, 4	5
I have made the following rough calculation as to the amount of new horn which was grown every year.							
1912.	Right	5	8	15	23	34½	23½ lb. with heart and liver.
	Left	5	7	14½	23	38½	
Aggregate of horn = 191in., an addition of ½in. in beam and 10in. in length on preceding year's growth.							

FRANK WALLACE.



Thomson. THE SANDSIDE FIFTEEN-POINTER. Copyright.

THE LITTLE AUK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I herewith enclose a photograph of the little auk which I think will appeal to some of your ornithological readers. It was taken during the immigration of little auks early this year (February). Great numbers of the birds were recorded as having been found very far inland. A good number were observed about the rocks on the shore at Scarborough, seven or eight being caught by schoolboys. The specimen depicted was found in a very weak state, and although it was taken home and placed in a bath which contained five goldfish, it was evidently too weak to "take advantage" of them. It lingered on for two days. — STANLEY CROOK.



A LITTLE AUK FOUND DYING.

A PROFITABLE COW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A short time ago I wrote to you describing the work of cow-testing associations in Canada. The record given below is of more value than most, because it extends over a period of three years. Rosalind of Old Basing, described in the Dominion Press as the new champion of the British Empire, is a Jersey, owned by Mr. Julian Sharman of Red Deer, Alberta. These are the figures relating to her produce for three years:

	lb.
Highest milk record for one day	52
Highest milk record for one month	1,471½
Highest milk record for one year	15,700
Milk in three years	37,847½
Butter in one year	1,031·89
„ three years	2,504·39
Average butter ratio (per cent.)	5·16
Actual returns for cream and skim-milk in three years ..	\$1,007·50

Several interesting facts are associated with this cow. In the first place, the Board of Trade of Red Deer recently gave a banquet in her honour, which was attended by a number of well-known men from various parts of Western Canada. In the second place, her owner, Mr. C. A. Julian Sharman, was an English architect who, when he went to Canada ten years ago, knew nothing whatever about farming. After a year as hired man to a native farmer, he took up a quarter section (160 acres). On this small farm he keeps over sixty head of milking cows, each of which is subjected to a six months' test before being finally admitted. Hay and straw are purchased, and a great quantity of green feed and roots are grown. Mr. Sharman owns the dam of Rosalind of Old Basing and two generations of her descendants.—A. C. S.

PARTRIDGE WITH CREAM "HORSESHOE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While partridge-driving at Chartridge a few days ago a bird with a pure cream horseshoe mark, instead of the usual rufous brown marking, was shot.



TOMBSTONE TO A MEMBER OF THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF SADDLERS.

Upon drawing my host's attention to this peculiarity of plumage he assured me that several similar specimens have been killed on the manor in question during the present season, and in his opinion they are the progeny of a cross between Hungarian and native partridges, a number of the former having been turned down on the ground a few years ago. Having noticed these "cream-breasted" partridges on a certain shooting in South-East Essex, upon which Hungarians were also introduced, I am inclined to accept my friend's theory.

The opinion of yourself and your readers, however, would be greatly appreciated. —MARSHMAN.

[The absence of any chestnut markings on the breast is by no means uncommon among female partridges, but is very rare in male birds, and we have only examined one example. The chestnut horseshoe on the breast of a normally-marked partridge, whether male or female, is always widely bordered with white, but in certain individuals, almost always females, the chestnut feathers are replaced by white ones, and there is a large uniform white horseshoe patch on the breast. This is purely an individual peculiarity, and can have nothing to do with the introduction of Hungarian partridges. It is more common in some parts of England than in others, and has been specially noticed in birds from Norfolk and Suffolk; but we have seen white-breasted females killed in all parts of Great Britain. In all the older text-books on ornithology which contain a description of the plumage of the male and female partridge, the chief difference mentioned as the distinguishing mark of the two sexes is that the male has a large chestnut horseshoe-shaped mark on the lower breast, while in the female this marking is reduced to a few chestnut spots, or sometimes entirely absent. As Mr. Ogilvie-Grant first pointed out in the *Field* (November 21st, 1891), this character is not to be depended on, for the great majority of young females—by which we mean birds of the year—have a well-developed chestnut horseshoe, and in some it is quite as large and perfectly developed as in the majority of adult male birds. Birds of the year, whether male or female, are easily distinguished from old birds by having the first flight feather pointed instead of rounded at the extremity. The colour of the legs and toes is also, of course, a good character for distinguishing young birds from old ones in the earlier part of the shooting season, but at the commencement of hard weather the yellowish brown feet, denoting youth, have generally changed to bluish grey, and are similar to those of the adult; while the pointed first flight feather is carried till the following autumn moult, when the bird is more than a year old. The only reliable character for distinguishing the sexes at all ages, except in very young birds in their first plumage, is, as Mr. Ogilvie-Grant first pointed out, to be found in the markings of the lesser and medium wing coverts and shoulder feathers (scapulars), the buff cross-bars in the female being an unmistakable mark, and quite sufficient to distinguish her from the male at a glance.—Ed.]

A WELL-PRESERVED TOMBSTONE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a tombstone belonging to a member of the Worshipful Company of Saddlers. These memorials of members of the old City Guilds are to be found in various churchyards, and are often very well preserved, thanks to the depth of the carving.—F. M. SUTCLIFFE.

NEED OF A VALUATION IN FIRE INSURANCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been interested in your articles on insurance, and particularly in the point Mr. Monro raises of the necessity of a valuation and inventory of the goods insured. Furniture-collecting has, in a small way, been a hobby with me for many years past. Some of my pieces are valuable; but all the note I had of their value was the prices paid for the various items. Acting on your suggestion, I have had my furniture valued, and my instructions to the valuers, a firm of high repute in London, was to value it on quite conservative lines. The result is that I have had nearly to treble my insurance, as what I paid for these pieces many years ago is far less than their present value, and I have never increased the insurance sufficiently. My house is an old one, Queen Anne period, panelled in every room, and there is no doubt if a fire occurred it would be burnt to the ground. From what I can make out, all I should have recovered would be the cost price of the furniture, and in many instances this would have been difficult to prove; in fact, I had no real knowledge of what I had, and I expect many of your readers are in much the same position as I was.—

M. E. R.

THE "SACCHIA."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you two photographs of the "Sacchia," or water-wheel, a primitive method of Egyptian irrigation like the shadoof. The creaking groan of the water-wheels, coupled with the patient lowing of the oxen, may be heard constantly as the traveller passes down the Nile in a house-boat. The rattle of the ill-constructed mechanism is, further, a useful tell-tale to the farmer concerning his fellow's diligence in keeping the machine at work. Readers of "Actions and Reactions" will remember that the first Governor (in "Little Foxes") was called "The Father of Water-wheels"; and, indeed, the prosperity of the fellahen largely depends upon the constant working of these rude contrivances. The illustrations show clearly the way in which they work, especially the one where the ox supplies the motive power. The ox is harnessed to a beam and treads his circle; parallel with the beam is fastened a rude cog-wheel which has usually peg-teeth meshing with another cog similarly constructed and keyed on to a shaft driving the actual water-wheel. The jugs on the wheel fill, and



SACCHIA NEAR LUXOR.



SACCHIA OR PRIMITIVE IRRIGATION WHEEL.



SLUICES OF THE ASSOUAN DAM.

when they come to the top tip over into a trough, and the water then runs into the irrigating channels. The second photograph shows a "Sacchia" worked by a camel in the neighbourhood of Luxor; it is to be hoped that the impetus given to modern methods of irrigation, especially under Lord Kitchener's rule, will not destroy the picturesque of the old.—E. R. Wood.

OPENING OF THE ASSOUAN DAM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph shows the completed Assouan dam which Lord Kitchener is about to open. The enlarged reservoir will contain two and a-half times the quantity of water that there was in the old one. The work has been carried out by Italians, Greeks and Arabs. At one time during construction the workmen numbered nearly five thousand. The Italians did all the masonry work, such as the dressing of the stones, in the quarries at Chellal, near Assouan. The Greeks laid all the stones, and the Arabs did all the rougher work. The firm which carried out the extension works is that of Messrs. John Aird and Co. of Westminster, who executed the works for the original dam. The chief difficulty to be contended with was one due to the peculiar conditions of Egypt, the very hot days followed by cool nights. This great difference of temperature in the twenty-four hours causes masonry to expand and contract in an extraordinary manner, which always has to be allowed for in constructions in Egypt.—JULIAN GRANDE.